

ON CALLING

Though the mills of God
grind slowly
Yet they grind exceeding
small;
Though with patience He
stands waiting,
With exactness grinds
He all.

Translated by Longfellow

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A LITTLE
BIRD
IN THE NEWS

See page 7

THE RALLY OF THE PEACEFUL PEOPLES

Peace Through Strength

TEN NATIONS TO GUARD IT

It is too soon to lift up the hearts of men by saying that there will be no war, but the best-informed opinion in Europe is that the attempt to rule the world by force has been check-mated.

It has been checked by the great rallying of peace-loving nations who are determined not to sacrifice their independence and to resist any attempt to ride rough-shod over them. We have seen it done four times—twice by Germany and twice by Italy, in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, in Abyssinia and Albania.

It will not be done again. The Dictators at the head of their vast armies have been confronted with something greater still, the gathering-together of the Democracies and the peace-loving countries with such unshakable unity and irresistible power that the Dictators know quite well that the end of war would be catastrophe for them.

They have done a wonderful thing: they have made the whole world outside their borders sick of the thought of war, and determined to keep the peace at any hazard. They have brought together in the closest

sympathy, with all their fighting powers, such an array of nations as has not before been united in time of peace: France, Britain, Russia, Poland, Turkey, Rumania, Greece, Egypt, Portugal—it is a mighty list, and we have forgotten America, the most powerful single nation on the earth.

The coming in of Turkey is of profound significance, for she guards the gate of the Black Sea and stands at the gate of Asia; she stands well with Russia and the Moslem world and is the leading factor in the Balkan Entente. The old Turkey has gone, but the new Turkey is a vigorous friend of clean and steady government, resolute to keep the peace.

Here then is the great Peace Front that will save the world, because nothing can break it. Only one thing remains—that Germany and Italy should join it. This way is satisfaction and prosperity for them; the other way is everlasting calamity for the Dictators and enduring misery for their peoples.

Let us go on hoping and believing, confident in the assurance of *Peace Through Strength*.

The Unbelievable Adventure of Cebular Antonio

ONE of the most astonishing events of recent days is an experience which has lately befallen an Italian steward at sea.

No novelist would dare to make up such a tale, for his readers would not believe it; but here again is proof that truth is stranger than fiction.

Cebular Antonio was on board the Italian Lloyd steamer Conte Verde when he fell overboard.

No one saw Antonio fall, and no one heard his cry. The vessel went on her way as if nothing had happened. As for Antonio, he was splashing about in the water, alone in a great ocean, his one hope a ship which was steadily steaming away from him and growing smaller every minute.

For 90 minutes, or thereabouts, the Conte Verde steamed on her course. Then someone missed poor Antonio. Search was made, and as he could not be found the captain concluded that he must have fallen overboard, though no one knew when, and certainly no one knew where.

Something had to be done. Turning back and looking for a man, alive or dead, in that limitless expanse of water seemed utter folly, for even finding a needle in a haystack would

have been easier than coming upon Antonio in his sea of troubles.

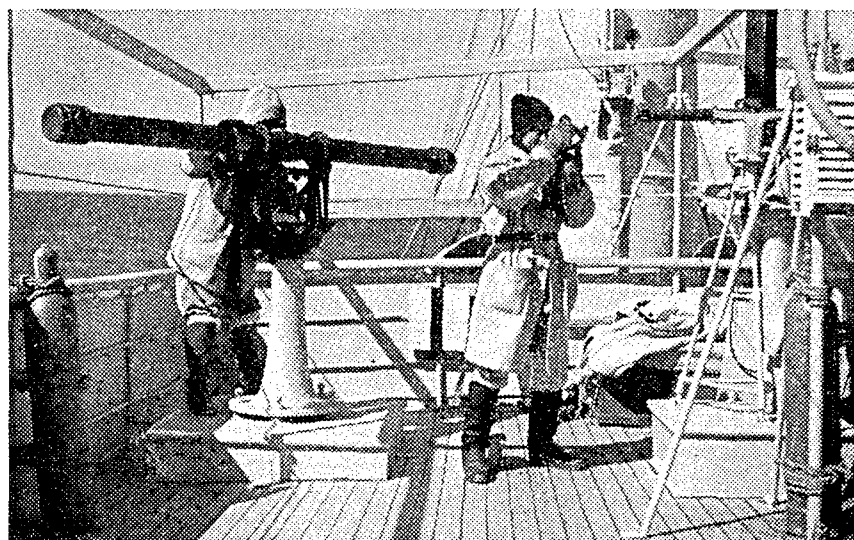
But the captain determined to look for him. He turned the ship round, and by a marvellous piece of seamanship he managed to steer her back exactly along the line she had been following. A deviation of only a few yards would have been fatal, but the Conte Verde followed her old path almost to the inch, and everyone on board kept a sharp look-out for Antonio, or for Antonio's body, for no one expected to see him alive.

After they had been steaming an hour in a choppy sea the hopelessness of it all was so apparent that there seemed no point in going farther or peering any longer at the grey water with its flecks of foam and its innumerable troughs, in any one of which Antonio might have been without those on board being able to see him. Still, the captain kept on.

Then the impossible happened. Someone who saw a seabird looked twice. To his amazement it was perching on Antonio's head, and there was Antonio, floating on the water and waving to the ship.

It was the work of only a few minutes to rescue him.

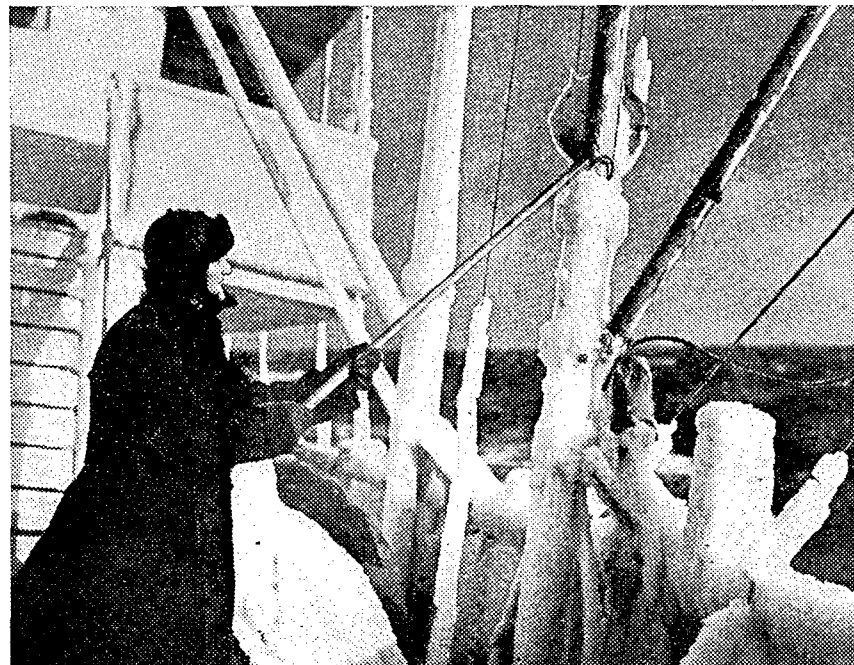
Home From Antarctic Waters



Taking observations from the bridge of Discovery II during a survey of the Balleny Islands



The after-deck of Discovery II thickly encrusted with ice



Removing ice from the well-deck machinery

The Royal Research Ship Discovery II has just returned to London after making her fifth trip to Antarctic waters. In the course of her journey, during which the habits of whales were studied, a circumpolar cruise was made, occupying six months. These photographs are Crown Copyright

HARD TIMES FOR FAMOUS PEOPLE

The Civil Pensions List

There is a State institution called the Civil Pensions List, a State fund out of which pensions are awarded to distinguished persons who have fallen upon evil days, or their surviving dependants.

The famous names that appear in this list from time to time afford a sad commentary upon the precarious incomes that are earned by those who devote themselves to the arts and sciences.

The artist, the writer, the scientist, the doctor, is not often one who cares to give great attention to building up financial security. Now and then a novelist makes a fortune, but he is the lucky exception proving the rule to the contrary. Not long since we saw the children of a writer and playwright of some fame granted a civil pension to enable them to continue their education. In the last list appears the name of a once famous artist who tells us that when the pension was awarded his bank balance was only four shillings!

A Frenchman said of the writer's profession: "It is a dog's life, but the only life worth living." Certainly it is true that the higher walks of life rarely lead to fortune. The true reward of the artist is that his work is his whole existence and pleasure; the drawback is that he is too often haunted by fears for the fate of his family and of destitution for himself in old age.

What They Have Seen

By 15 Editors

Fifteen Norwegian editors who have been seeing England have been delighted with their visit; this is what one of them said, speaking for the rest.

We have seen your tremendous preparations for war, your increase of strength, but also your deep longing for peace and goodwill. We have seen the efficiency of your newspapers—the Press worthy of the name of a free Press. We have seen your business life, your excellent home planning, and your splendid work for social services. We have heard the roaring noise of London and listened to the silence in Canterbury, the peaceful atmosphere in Oxford, and we have seen the English landscape in spring-time. We also have another thing in common. The preface of the ancient laws in Norway says, "With law must a land be built." This is the foundation of the kingdom of Norway. The law, *confidence*, is the real foundation of peace.

Italy's Bread

The shortage in the Italian wheat harvest in 1938, due to bad weather, caused the Bread Guild to decide that there should be for a time a mixture of ten per cent of maize flour in the loaf.

At the same time it was laid down that such mixed bread must be eaten by all classes, so that the rich should not have a better bread than the poor. The only exception was made for invalids and hospitals.

The restrictions have now been removed, owing to fine wheat prospects.

Steel and Ships

The steel recovery continues, as we might expect, with enormous calls for guns, tanks, ships, warships, aeroplanes, and other war gear. We are producing over a million tons of crude steel a month, whereas as recently as August last the output was down to 658,000.

The Government's offer to shipowners has been gladly accepted and some 200 merchant ships have been ordered by those anxious to build ships partly at the public expense. This is a big item in national safety.

A Peaceful Germany Has Nothing to Fear

THE PRIME MINISTER'S ASSURANCES

It would be good for all Europe if the German people could be persuaded to believe the assurances Mr Chamberlain offered them in one of his latest and best speeches; and as the CN goes into Germany we pass on this part of it.

THE Nazi leaders say that there is nothing farther from their minds than to use these gigantic forces which they have accumulated for the purpose of aggression against others or of attempting the economic, political, and military domination of smaller States. If that be so, then I say that Germany has nothing to fear from British policy.

I am told that there are people in Germany who do not understand our policy and think that we have some intention of encircling their country. I can understand that people who suffered after the war from the consequences of severe privation have got a dread of being stifled or restricted by the deliberate policy of some foreign Power.

Well, let me say now, as I have said before, that never has it entered our thoughts to isolate Germany or to stand in the way of the natural and legitimate expansion of her trade

in Central and South-Eastern Europe; still less to plan some combination against her with the idea of making war upon her. Any suggestion of the kind is simply fantastic, and if it is repeated for the purpose of propaganda, well, it will not be believed anywhere outside of Germany.

On the other hand, I want to make it equally plain that we are not prepared to sit by and see the independence of one country after another successively destroyed. Such attempts in peace time have always encountered our resistance, and it is because there can be no rest, no security in Europe until the nations are convinced that no such attempt is contemplated, that we have given those assurances to Poland, to Rumania, and to Greece which have been so warmly welcomed by them.

Let me say here and now that neither in armaments nor in economics do we desire to enter into unbridled competition with Germany. We would not refuse to enter into a discussion upon measures for the increase of our mutual trade or for the improvement of our economic condition.

The New Stick-in-the-Mud ADVENTURE OF A BAGDAD BUS

WE all know Old Mr Stick-in-the-Mud; he is the man who lives in a changing world and will not change, the diehard who stands still.

This is the story of a New Stick-in-the-Mud, a Bagdad bus.

The story is of a little group of people who left Damascus for Bagdad in one of these air-conditioned buses not long ago, little dreaming what lay in store for them. They were a cosmopolitan company and included an American ambassador with his wife and daughter, a bank manager from Iran with his wife and baby, and a Greek lady with her little boy.

When they were in the middle of the desert a sudden cloudburst turned the normally hard surface into a quagmire, and in the twinkling of an eye the bus stuck firmly in the soft mud. There was nothing to do

except wait patiently for the mud to dry or for another car to come and rescue them. After some hours the mud dried a little and a few brave people ventured out, but when they tried to extricate the bus it only sank down deeper. Everyone was getting hungrier and hungrier, and the steward produced some tinned sausages and the Greek lady some cakes.

At last, 31 hours after the cloudburst, a truck was seen coming from the direction of Bagdad, and was greeted with wild cheers. It dare not come too near the stranded bus, and the difficulty was how to get the passengers over to the truck. This problem was solved by a tribe of Bedouins who appeared as from nowhere and carried them pick-a-back over the short distance, so that very soon they were safe in Bagdad.

The Prime Minister's Father & the Mosquito

BEFORE Joseph Chamberlain, father of our Prime Minister, was appointed Colonial Secretary a generation ago, little interest was taken in London in the development of the British Empire.

In fact, when he accepted the office his political enemies declared that he had been snubbed by being appointed to a minor office! The snubbed one soon showed that the office was one of the greatest.

Among the notable things he did was to encourage research into tropical diseases, and the Prime Minister has reminded us of his family's association with the discovery of the transmission of malaria by mosquitoes.

Mr Joseph Chamberlain was deeply distressed by the fact that the men who went out to West Africa to carry on the Colonial Service so often fell

victims to malaria. Feeling that something must be done, he enlisted the services of Sir Patrick Manson, whose wonderful work was followed by the discovery of the malaria-bearing mosquito by Sir Ronald Ross.

The result of their work, which, declared Mr Neville Chamberlain, will be regarded as one of the outstanding achievements of the British race, has been that cases of malaria were reduced from 90 per 1000 in 1929 to 15 in 1939, and the deathrate in the once deadly copper belt is now less than half that of Kensington!

It was as recently as 1898 that Sir Ronald Ross made his great discovery and defeated what he called in a fine poem the "million-murdering death." He saved lives and in saving them made great world developments possible

LITTLE NEWS REEL

The men of St Teresa's Church, Preston, have built a parish hall in six months of spare time.

The L M S Railway has issued a list with the names and numbers of all their engines; it can be had from any station.

A jar with 2500 silver coins of Tudor and Stuart days has been found on a farm at Thorpe Willoughby, near Selby.

A Leicester man has remembered in his will the milkman, the butcher, the baker, the window-cleaner, the postman, and the newspaper boy.

The Ministry of Transport is to put into operation 50 road schemes, each costing £100,000.

A great effort is being made to preserve the interest and beauty of the New Forest.

Wallasey in Cheshire has a new garden promenade on land which nine years ago was an ugly waste; it has cost £1,000,000 and is worth more.

Jeanetta Lockett, aged seven, of Liverpool, has collected 208,777 pennies for a Southport crippled children's home.

During the quarter ending next month South Wales collieries are importing from France 80,000 tons of pitwood, and France is buying in return 120,000 tons of coal.

A cotton mill which has been stopped for over ten years has been taken over for the production of A R P materials, and work will be found for over 300 ex-cotton workers.

THINGS SEEN

A swarm of 20,000 bees on a pear tree in Hampstead.

Wave Bird's Nest notice on Altrincham golf course.

An airman's cap and tie falling from a plane in Wales.

A hen's egg weighing seven ounces on Lord Bledisloe's farm at Lydney.

THINGS SAID

Can you tell me where I can find the quotation Blessed are the pure in heart?

A woman to a friend
of the Poet Laureate

There is no need for a teetotaler to pay more than 85 per cent of the motor insurance premium. An insurance broker

This is the National Programme.

BBC Regional Announcer.

All our goals will be reached.

Signor Mussolini

Five sets of stainless teeth with no cavities. Dental report on the Quins

Two men made fit for habitation enormous areas of land throughout the Empire.

Mr Chester Beatty

The medical view is that half the children are sent into the world with jerry-built bodies. Mr Lees-Smith, M P

THE BROADCASTER

AN unknown lady left a £100 note at a Blind Home in Southport the other day.

A LEICESTER citizen has given £4000 to his workpeople and the town's charities.

THE Derbyshire CPRE raised £3000 in a weekend to save 76 acres of Froggatt Wood for the National Trust.

A HUNDRED new industries have been started in Scotland in the last few years.

NEW ZEALAND's health stamps have raised £7000 for children's camps.

A HUNDRED schoolgirls are to sail this summer on a 14,000-mile tour of Canada.

A Lovely Lake in Alberta

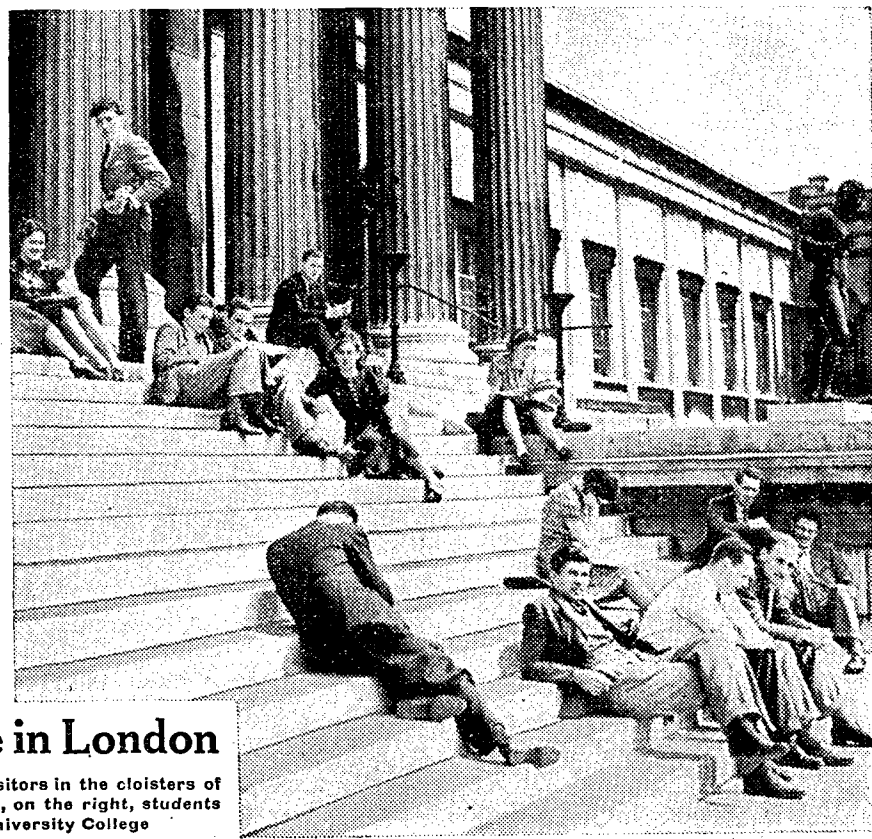
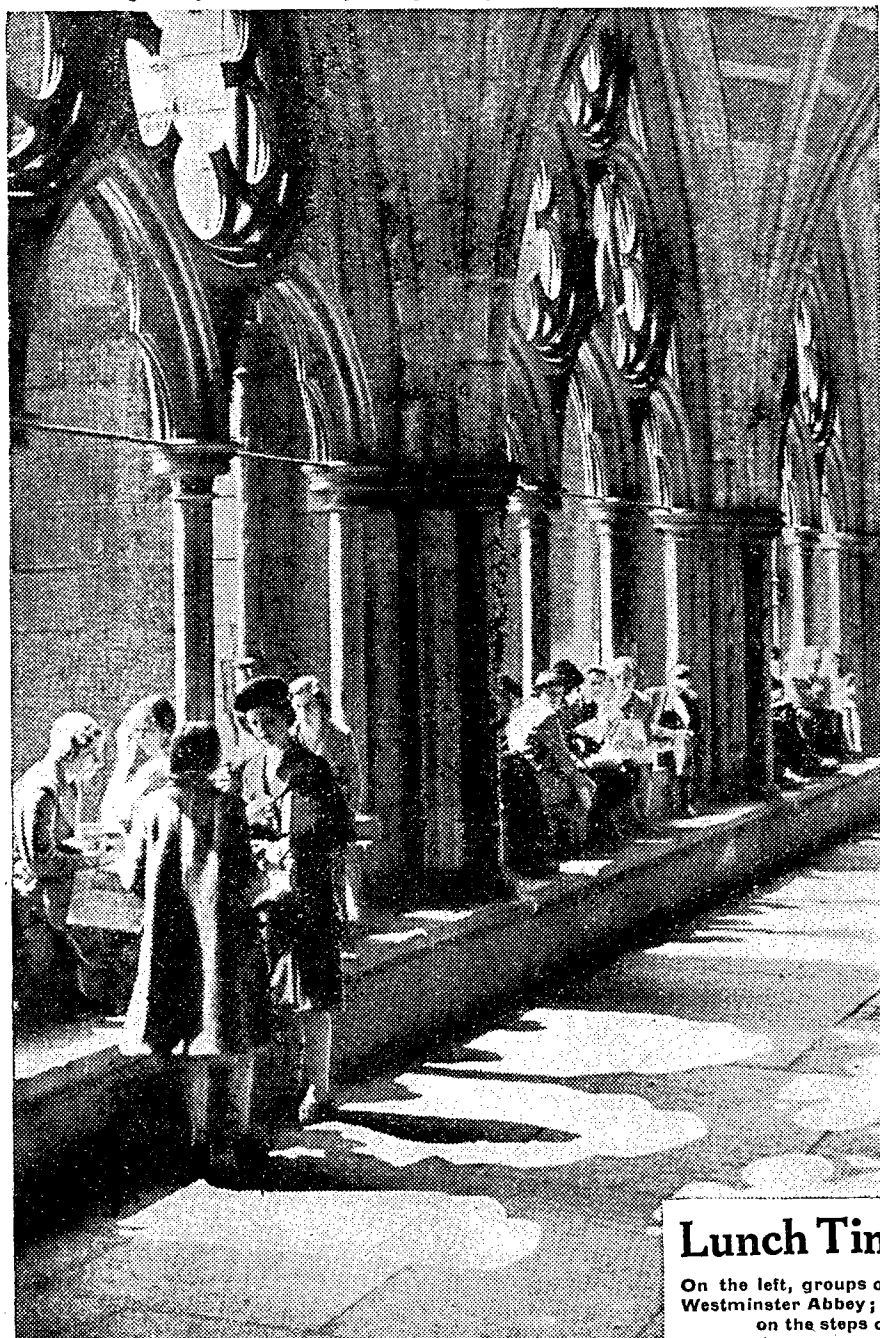
Tulip Time at Torquay



A beautiful glimpse of Waterton Lake in Southern Alberta, typical of the scenery which the King and Queen are seeing during their journey through the Province this week



Admiring a colourful bed of tulips among the palms at Torquay on the sunny coast of South Devon



Lunch Time in London

On the left, groups of visitors in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; and, on the right, students on the steps of University College

UNDER THE ARCHES

Where a Famous Play Was Born

Engineers with expert knowledge of such matters are telling us that, should an emergency arise, the railway arches in densely populated areas of London could, with very little trouble, be converted into admirable A R P shelters.

Multitudes of Londoners know that from past experiences, but perhaps few are aware that from such experiences sprang a very notable addition to the British drama.

According to his own story Sir James Barrie used to visit the Adelphi arches in times of air raids. He became friendly with a policeman who used to shepherd people into the arches in time of peril and play the father to them.

At such times the constable, Barrie said, could be "properly gruff, yet comforting, like one who would at once run in any bomb that fell in his beat"; but when all his charges were properly arranged in safety and comfort he would genially relax, and discuss the items in the evening's papers.

It was seldom war matters that he touched on, but lighter topics, such as "Do you believe in love at first sight?" on which people happened to be writing letters to editors at the time.

Now, if we are to believe the dramatist, it was some such discussion as this that induced the worthy officer to tell him of an experience of his own; and, still trusting Barrie, it was that story that inspired Barrie to write *A Kiss For Cinderella*, one of the merriest, tenderest, most pathetic plays that he wrote.

It had a huge success on the stage, from which it has now disappeared, perhaps not soon to be revived; but it makes delightful reading too, so that the story heard "under the arches" is now part of our literature.

Cyprus Looks Up

The retirement of the Governor of Cyprus calls attention to the increased prosperity of the island under his care.

When he arrived the island was suffering from a two-year drought, and the peasants were on the brink of ruin and consequently discontented. Now the imports are two and a half times what they were twenty years ago and the exports three times as great.

Normally there is a dry season of six-months duration when the ground is baked to brick, so the peasants are welcoming efforts to store water at high level in the rainy months to give them a regular water supply.

In connection with this is the hope of a direct fortnightly steamer service with Great Britain to provide a market for their produce of fruit and vegetables, which we would heartily welcome.

The islanders are mostly either Greeks or Turks, and have been inclined to regard our rule as an intrusion, yet they prefer us to anybody else over them.

The island is a most important one at the eastern end of the Mediterranean. It is about half the size of Yorkshire.

The Kiddies Express

This is the name of a special train the G W R is running from Paddington to Weston-super-Mare on Whit Monday.

In spite of the name grown-ups will be allowed, but they must remember that all the fun arranged in the two little theatres on the train, and the puzzle corner feature for attention in the compartments, are first of all for the young folk. Free tickets will be distributed on the train for attractions at Weston-super-Mare.

The train leaves Paddington at 9.55 a.m. and returns from Weston at 6.5 p.m.; and the inclusive cost is only 3s 10½d for children and 7s 9d for grown-ups, all bookings to be made in advance.

BREAD FROM THE JUNGLE

A Dream Which Came True

THE C N described some time ago something of the great work going on where, sixty miles out of Calcutta, the great River Ganges spreads into an enormous delta and creates a watery jungle of stagnant channels.

In these channels thousands of Indian peasants struggle to live on small rice-fields frequently flooded by the river, which means for them famine and desolation. The rapidly growing jungle is another enemy the poorly equipped peasant is unable to fight.

Over thirty years ago a British business man in India, Sir Daniel Hamilton, was so impressed by the desperate state of the people in these regions, and the wastage of so much good land, that he began the bold experiment of founding a colony at Gosaba in the Ganges delta.

Helping the Villagers

He imported labour to clear 25,000 acres of the jungle. Dykes were built to control the water, tanks for drinking water were constructed, and roads were laid down. In the cleared areas Indian farmers were invited to settle. They came slowly owing to suspicion of the scheme, but during the first seven years 900 people were settled in the villages cultivating rice.

A cooperative store was started to provide the colonists with goods at cheap prices, and in each village there was a school for children. Sir Daniel and Lady Hamilton personally supervised a night school for the adults. Bit by bit conditions for the farmers improved. Debt was one of the great problems. One farmer whose original debt was 50 rupees had increased it to 500, and had to pay in interest to the moneylender two-thirds of his annual rice crop. Sir Daniel called all the colonists together and cancelled out their debts by turning them into regular loans, and then drove the moneylenders from the villages, and started instead cooperative credit societies, and today every farmer in the Gosaba Colony (they number now 15,000) is free of debt, a situation

A Roadway on Stilts

One of the queerest bridges imaginable has just been completed in New Zealand. It is really a bridge on dry land.

Engineers call it a trestle bridge. It is 1200 yards long, and takes the road above the level of the highest flood that anyone in the district can remember. In past years the highway near Foxton, at the mouth of the Manawatu River, a hundred miles north of Wellington, was flooded every time the river overflowed. To have constructed an embankment would have prevented the flood waters from escaping, so the engineers built a trestle bridge across half a mile of peat swamp. It is on the shortest route from Auckland to Wellington.

The old road over the swamp will be retained as a route for sheep and cattle. Motorists will speed across the trestle bridge instead of being held up by the flood waters. For most of the year it will be a bridge without a river, but when there is heavy rain in the mountains a broad expanse of yellow flood-water will be spanned.

New Zealand's new trestle bridge has already attracted considerable interest among highway engineers in other countries.

practically unknown among the other Indian farmers.

Alcohol is forbidden in the colony and no liquor shop is allowed within several miles. Rules of this kind are made by the people themselves in their own council, and no force is brought to bear on them. It was they who decided to store up grain in years of plenty against possible famine, and installed thirty looms in the villages for weaving cloth. Each village, too, makes its own soap and has its own reading club and literary society.

The Gosaba Colony, too, has improved the quality of the rice it grows, so that it commands a high price in the Calcutta market, and it now has its own cooperative rice mill, where the grain is hulled, winnowed, and bagged. The health of the people is looked after by another committee, which has divided the 12,000 acres and 32 villages into 12 wards, each of which has a health commissioner, who reports daily to the doctor at the central clinic.

A Happy Community

On an average each farmer has about seven acres to cultivate, and he is allowed three years in which to show his worth and is helped with credit from the bank. Only at the end of that time is he given a permanent lease, and if he is not capable of farming by himself he is able to obtain regular employment as a labourer.

This remarkable Indian colony has gathered together thousands of picked farmers, and the whole enterprise is run on a paying basis. There is no charity. Everything is done to put deserving farmers on their feet with long-term loans at easy payments, which must be repaid in order to help newcomers.

In this way some of the fairest farming land in the whole of Bengal has been created out of the desolate jungle wastes of the Ganges delta, and a contented, happy, self-supporting community has grown up to add wealth to India.

An Idea at the World's Fair

The millions of people who are flocking to New York World's Fair look up in wonder at the sculptured figures of a man and woman with three huge wings flowing behind them, symbolical of man's future in the sky, but few people know that for the first time in the history of art platinum leaf was used to finish the statuary group.

The use of this pure precious metal as a permanent white decorative leaf finish is only now beginning to be appreciated. It resists weather marvellously. The surface of the plaster cast is first covered by coats of shellac and paint, then a weak glue coating is applied to act as an adhesive before the highly burnished finish of metal leaf is finally put on.

Lifting the Great Gates

A difficult engineering feat was carried out by the Manchester Ship Canal Company the other day.

Two lock gates of the main lock at Eastham needed repairing. A new giant electric floating crane was brought alongside and lifted each of the great 250-ton gates with ease. New temporary gates weighing 185 tons each were then placed in position; all in one tide.

JUDGE HATFIELD'S WAY

Getting His Corner of the World Right

Judge Malcolm Hatfield, of Berrien County, Michigan, is making a name for himself for the number of young people his Juvenile Court saves from crime, but from a few instances of his methods that have come to our notice we wonder if Mrs Hatfield should not receive as much praise as her husband.

There are 100,000 people in Berrien County, and Judge Hatfield has but one trained investigator to help him. He has therefore enrolled voluntary aids all over the county. He now has some 2000 unpaid assistants on whose advice he relies in the delicate matter of setting erring footsteps on the right road again—2000 assistants and Mrs Hatfield.

A Self-imposed Dole

Last winter every child haled before the court during a period of several weeks came from a home kept together by public relief. Judge Hatfield realised that he was in no position to understand the temptations of those who had less than 4s a week each for their food. He talked it over with Mrs Hatfield. They cleared out their cupboards and settled down to live for two weeks on the unemployed food allowance. Now when a child from a home blighted by unemployment comes before him for stealing Judge Hatfield remembers his two weeks on the self-imposed dole before he makes his decision.

On another occasion a Negro boy came up on his third larceny charge. "Why do you keep on stealing?" Judge Hatfield asked him.

"Only way I know of to get anything," said the boy.

That, Judge Hatfield realised, was the truth; but it was a truth he could alter. For once Charlie should have something nice without having to steal it. He telephoned Mrs Hatfield to bring him a complete change of clothes at once.

"Charlie," he said, "I've got a job in mind for you and I want you to look your best when you go after it."

It was a half-time job; Charlie got it. He will finish high school this summer, and then he plans to go on to the university and study medicine. That seems to us as sound an investment of a suit of clothes as we have ever heard of.

The Kitchen Furniture

Last winter Judge Hatfield was trying to get a thoroughly discouraged family with six children on their feet. He had found them a little house and had begged nearly enough furniture from his friends' attics; but not quite.

"A man is coming round for the kitchen table and chairs," he told his wife that evening as he took off his overcoat.

"But what will we do?" asked Mrs Hatfield.

"We'll get along," said her husband.

All the money Judge Hatfield earns by lecturing he uses to make life happier for the boys and girls he is interested in, helping them join the Boy Scouts or other young people's societies, sending them to camps in the summer. Once he bought for a chronic truant the thing he most longed for—a pig. Six months ago that pig won a prize at the County Fair, and its owner long ago gave up playing truant. Now his great ambition is some day to own a farm and to know how to run it very well.

Reading of instances like these, we are not surprised that there are 2000 citizens of Berrien County ready to help Judge and Mrs Hatfield with their task of making law-abiding habits seem worth while to the young people who have felt temptation too strong for them.

CLEVER COLLIE

This little story of a dog's ingenuity comes from America.

The staff on the engine of a train near Portland noticed a big collie standing between the rails some distance in front of them, and were struck by the peculiar antics of the animal. One minute he would race away to a hedge by the side of the track and the next he would race back to the railway line.

The driver decided, to slow down, and as the train approached the men peered into the hedge, and there was a shepherd dog trapped in a wire fence. The train was stopped, the captive freed, and the train went on its way, with the men marvelling at the collie's intelligence.

STICKS FOR THE ARMY

Rearmament has brought unexpected work to woodmen, as the Army is buying thousands of crate-sticks, rods about three feet long and an inch in diameter. The exact use to which they will be put seems to be a mystery, but the demand for them has added considerably to the earnings of Kent woodmen this Spring.

THE CHARCOAL CAR

It is possible that once more good may come out of evil in Australia.

A few weeks ago a wide area was devastated by bush fire, and today where trees once stood in all their beauty are now miles of blackened country, unsightly and apparently useless.

But Professor A. H. Burstall of Melbourne University believes that there is at any rate some good in this ill. He has suggested to the Minister of Defence that the charcoal which now abounds in the fire-ridden areas might well be stored with a view to its use as a substitute for petrol should an emergency arise.

Professor Burstall has pointed out that cars and lorries need only slight adjustment to make them capable of being driven by charcoal instead of petrol; and in the event of war, when petrol supplies might be limited, the charcoal which the fires have provided would be of great value.

DICK WHITTINGTON OF FILEY

Years ago a boy chopped sticks for firewood at Filey in Yorkshire. Selling firewood was his way of making a living, and he thought he was doing well for himself when he left to become an errand boy in Hull.

A few days ago the Filey boy returned to his native town, where he was greeted with loud cheers, for he went back as the Lord Mayor of Hull.

He is Alderman William Pashby, though everyone in Filey calls him Bill. He has made good, and, like Dick Whittington of old, has risen from a nobody to a somebody.

FOUR FAITHFUL SERVANTS

Miss Rae of Birkenhead has passed on, leaving four faithful servants to mourn her. All rode in one car when they attended her funeral, and all have been provided for by their late mistress.

Their ages total 289 years, and among them they have given to one family 198 years of willing service. They are Edward Hankinson, who was gardener for 58 years; Henry Boston, coachman and then chauffeur for 49 years; Rose Andrews, who cooked every day for 50 years; and Emma Oakes, the parlour-maid, who began her duties before this century came in.

THE OLD LADY'S CHILDREN

It must be a wonderful thing to count one's living descendants by the hundred.

Such is the experience of Mrs Mary Jane Skinner, of Gonzales in Texas. On her hundredth birthday, reports Reuter, she had a great party attended by 2000 people, and these included 8 of her own children, 53 grandchildren, 211 great-grandchildren, and 65 great-great-grandchildren.

So 337 direct descendants of the old lady were present. How wonderful must be her memories of her 36,500 days!

Planting a Forest

ONE of the jolliest Scout camps imaginable is held each year in a forest near Angus in Ontario.

During the last week in May 100 boys chosen from troops in the district set up their tents under the pine trees of the Coronation Tract of the Boy Scout Forest, and prepare for a few days of pleasure combined with work, for the object of the camp is to help the Ontario Government with reforestation work.

First of all the Scouts are given lessons in tree-planting and the principles of forest conservation. Then they set off with their seedlings of pines, cedars, oaks, maples, and elms for the planting site.



Beauty, a tigress at Chessington Zoo, with her twin cubs Ann and Annie

AN AWKWARD SITUATION

We have in England an office where refugees may seek posts as domestic servants, and where English employers may interview them.

According to one of our contemporaries an odd little incident occurred there the other day when an important-looking lady entered the office, surveyed the scene with cold and critical eyes, and then remarked in a loud voice that she did not see anyone there who looked at all suitable.

It was explained to her that she was not in the room where the refugees met, but in the one for English employers.

A SQUARE DEAL FROM A RAILWAY

While our railways are asking for a square deal for themselves they have dealt squarely with a couple of passengers.

A week or so ago a pair of thrushes were found to have built their nest under a railway carriage which had been part of an excursion train to Whitby in Yorkshire. Five eggs were in the nest, and we hear that the London and North-Eastern Railway authorities have given orders that the carriage is not to be moved till the eggs are hatched.

YOUNG HISTORIANS

About half the boys and girls of the Sutton Road School at Askern in Yorkshire have been helping to produce a local history book.

It has been great fun gathering the information, and the work they have done has given them a new interest in their own village.

The attractive handbook they have compiled has been typed for them, but the material has been gathered by the scholars themselves. Vera Henshaw gives a detailed description of the district. Gordon Martin deals in first-class style with the discovery of a Bronze and Iron Age camp not far off, and Herbert Shaw contributes an informative article on local place names. There are maps and diagrams, and so much interesting material that we feel sure it will long be preserved at Sutton Road, not merely as an example of excellent work, but as a book of reference.

We hear that during the summer months the scholars of Askern are to compile a second volume.

To get there they have to cross the Nottawasaga River on a floating raft propelled by a nine-cylinder boy-power engine. This carries 24 boys and is affectionately known as the May Flower. Once at the site the boys work in pairs, one digging the holes and the other carrying and planting the trees. Special provisions are made for the boys to try for their forester's badge examination.

When the camp is over each Scout is given six different species of native trees to take home and plant as a souvenir.

This camp has been held each year for ten years, and the Scouts have planted over half a million trees.

AN APPEAL

Once again we hear stories of despoilers of the countryside, people who dig up bluebells by the roots or carry off armfuls of daffodils. It seems that here in England we could make good use of the signs in the gardens of Bok Tower, in Florida, where we may read:

THESE FLOWERS
ARE UNDER THE PERSONAL CARE
OF EACH VISITOR

THOSE AMERICAN DRESSES

An M.P. has raised in Parliament the matter of the increased importation of ready-made women's dresses from the United States.

It seems that last year the number of American dresses imported was 456,000 as compared with 207,000 in 1937. Nothing can be done by the Government about this without going back upon the Anglo-American trade agreement.

The fact is that these American costumes are very cheap and very attractive, and that it is for British makers, who have the advantage of an import duty, to compete on business lines.

EXTRAORDINARY ESCAPE

The North Wales Coast amateur football cup final between Blaenau Festiniog and Buckley Town was played at Llandudno recently. It was a swift and strenuous game.

During the exciting match a number of people noticed a bird making repeated attempts to fly into the penalty area; and when the match was over it was discovered that a starling had a nest and two eggs in a hole about four inches deep. The nest was on the playing-field, and all through the afternoon players' feet in heavy boots had thundered round it. Happily no one had crushed the frail home, and the starling has now been left to rear her family in peace.

GIANTS IN THE NEWS

News has come that the Chinese Government has banned the hunting of the giant panda.

Not long ago the Zoo acquired for the first time three of these rare creatures, and Londoners are daily becoming familiar with these adorable-looking blunt-nosed animals who have a weakness for potatoes baked in their jackets.

Only three other giant pandas are in captivity—Mei-Mei at the Chicago Zoo, Pandora at the New York Zoo, and the third is on the Continent.

Since her arrival in New York last June Pandora has been the most popular inmate of all, and has put the okapi, the former favourite, completely in the shade. The cub weighed only 34 pounds on arrival in its new home, but now it weighs 107 pounds, whereas Mei-Mei, who is also only a youngster, weighs 152 pounds.

A LITTLE THING

Two big explosions, fires here and there, complete darkness in Great Yarmouth and Lowestoft, and a man killed outright—all this was caused when a rat put its paws on two terminals and its tail on another terminal at Yarmouth electricity station.

A BIBLE STORY

When the Tsar of Russia was crowned in 1896 our Bible Society presented him with a magnificent Family Bible, bound in leather and with golden cover-pieces and golden clasps.

The gift remained in the possession of the royal house until the Russian Revolution, when it shared the fate of many other treasures and disappeared completely. For twenty years nothing was heard of it. Now, in a second-hand bookshop in London, the Bible has been found, in true story-book style, and the treasure is back in the possession of the Society, after forty years.

THE ANXIOUS PEOPLE

The inhabitants of the town of Saint-Pierre, at the foot of Mont Pelée, in Martinique in the West Indies, are watching the mountain with apprehension.

In 1902 the whole town of 30,000 people was destroyed in eight minutes with the exception of one man, a Negro under sentence of death in the prison of the town.

The mountain is showing signs of unusual heat, which is regarded as very threatening.

THREE SCOUTS

Great tales of adventure the three Scouts who are sailing from Sydney to Scotland in a 50-foot yawl will have to tell when they reach their journey's end in time for the Rover meet in July.

They are David Walsh, Bernard Plowright, and a Polish Boy Scout named Vladislav Wagner, and we hear that they are now in the Mediterranean after an exciting time in the Red Sea.

The journey through the Red Sea should not have taken the little craft more than six days, but the three Scouts had 15 long days of hard battling against tremendous seas and strong headwinds before they reached Suez. For the whole of that time their clothes were soaked with spray, and they had to eat their meals standing in front of the galley clutching the rail.

So salty was the sea that the sails became like boards and the ropes like steel cables, so that the boys tore their hands trying to manipulate them.



A double load for Mother in Pondoland

THE BEGGAR IN CAMP

It is good to hear that Shanghai is at last doing something about its beggars.

The other day police in the French Concession rounded up 500 of these wretched people and placed them in a special camp under the care of the Salvation Army. There they are being given food and shelter and trained to be of some good in the world. It is hoped a similar camp will be formed of beggars from the International Settlement.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 27

1939

Why Count the Loss and Not the Gain?

By the Prime Minister

I AM afraid that when we look forward into the future we cannot see much prospect of any reductions of taxation; we shall have to watch every penny of expenditure, and we certainly cannot afford in these days to indulge in any schemes which would make a considerable addition to the cost of our present services.

But if only we could get a little relief from this international tension, this anxiety abroad, there are many indications that we might see a great expansion of trade and of prosperity which would benefit every people.

In our country the latest figures show a further substantial decrease in unemployment, and the number of insured persons now in employment exceeds anything that has ever been recorded before. And it is particularly satisfactory that the improvement is spread over a large number of trades, and that, while no doubt the armament programme is absorbing an increasing proportion of our labour, it still only remains a fraction of our commercial trade.

If I had the time I could mention other signs which are by no means unhelpful for the future. I have read of a great district in South Africa which, over long periods in the year while the dry season lasts, is nothing but a barren desert; but the time comes when the drought breaks, rains descend, and in a few hours the brown earth is carpeted with green and becomes a veritable garden of flowers. And so, too, we are waiting for the return of that vivifying confidence which, when it comes, would make our desert blossom like the South African Karoo.

The power to create that confidence does not rest in our hands alone, but so long as I am where I am I shall continue to hope and to spare no effort to bring it back. In the meantime every one of us can contribute to bring it back by keeping up our faith in the spiritual side of our nation. Depend upon it, however strong material forces may seem, they can never dominate the spirit. Not for one moment will I believe that the spiritual force of this nation is less deep-seated today than it was in the days of our fathers.

Let me conclude by repeating to you some lines of a great American poet:

*Our fathers sleep, but men remain
As brave, as wise, as true as they.
Why count the loss and not the gain?*

The best is that we have today.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



Whom the Gods Love

ONE of the most interesting writers in the Sunday papers has been questioning the belief that those whom the gods love die young. There is no statistical basis for it, he says.

But surely the true meaning of the old saying is that those whom the gods love are always young, carrying their years in their hearts?

A Great Man Tries To Sleep

We have been dipping into the life of Lord Curzon, and come upon this odd little note from a letter written at Bagnolles.

I DINE upstairs at 8.30 p.m., then work, and bed about 1 a.m. But then I have a terrifying experience.

On one side of me is an Englishman who snores badly. Above me is an elderly Greek whose snores reverberate through the whole building and almost shake the floors. What with both I did not sleep for one second last night. I hammered at the wall to stop A and heard his wife expostulating with him. I then went upstairs at 2.30 a.m. and banged and rattled at the bedroom door of B. He neither woke nor stopped for an instant. It was like the discharge of artillery, and went on without a pause till 8 a.m.

Why Not?

AS the learner-driver has L for Learner on his car while he is doing his best on the road, would it not be poetic justice if the dangerous driver had H for Hog while he is doing his worst?

The Confessor

NOW Edward, King of Englishmen, sent his steadfast soul to Christ, his holy spirit to God's protection. In this world he dwelt a while in royal majesty, mighty in counsel. Four-and-twenty winters, a lordly ruler, he dispensed wealth; and in a prosperous time, a ruler of heroes, illustriously governed Welsh, Scots, Britons, Angles, and Saxons, bold chieftains. . . . Ever blithe was the blameless king.

Anglo-Saxon Chronicle's report of the death of the Confessor

The Happy Man

YOU see in me, Sir, a happy man, if there is one under Heaven: everything around you and everything you have seen in my home comes from my own property. These stockings, my daughters knitted them; my shoes and my clothes came from my flocks, which contribute, too, with my garden and poultry-yard, to supply me with plain and substantial food.

The great thing about our Government is that you can count in Connecticut thousands of farmers as contented as I am, whose doors, like mine, are never locked. Our taxes are next to nothing, and as long as they are paid we can sleep soundly. Congress favours in every way our budding industry. All we have comes from the freedom we have won, founded on good laws.

Mr Bulow, a Connecticut farmer, speaking to a traveller in 1794

One More Hoarding

WE do not know if the Kent County Council is on holiday, but one more great hoarding has been squeezed in on the Sidcup arterial road, the Advertiser's Way out of London, which has been constructed at the public expense.

Trees

THEY stand to shade,
To purify;
To shelter all
Who would draw nigh.

To bid the birds
And cattle come
And rest awhile
Within their home.

I'm glad I know
Something of these:
That rare companionship
Of trees. Egbert Sandford

JUST AN IDEA

There is nothing more powerful than an idea; as Emerson said, one idea may have greater weight than the labour of all the men, animals, and engines for a century.

The New Man

By The Pilgrim

HE lounged about in the occupational centre. One of many unemployed who drifted into the room where there were chances of mending boots and shoes, or making simple furniture, he was inclined to be contemptuous of others, a lazy fellow whom no one thought to be much good.

One day he arrived with some wood under his arm. He had bought it for a penny from a builder, he said, and he would like to make something, though he did not know what anyone could possibly make with a bundle of long, thin strips. There was a good deal of amusement among the other men, till one of them suggested a clothes-horse.

"The very thing," declared the lazy man.

His jacket was off at once. He helped himself to tools. He laid his long, thin pieces of wood on the floor and planned out his clothes-horse. Others looked on, and said he would never finish it, but he went on, working all that week and well into the next; and by the time he had finished he had made a clothes-horse stronger and better than any to be bought in shops.

One morning he marched home with it on his shoulder, proud and happy; and from that day to this he has been a new man, unemployed still, but thrilled by the discovery that he can be useful.

The Folk Who Lived in Shakespeare's Day

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day

And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge, his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was.

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest grey or brown,
The slender sword-hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?

Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet twas the king of England's kings!
The rest with all their pomps and trains

Are mouldered, half-remembered things,
Tis he alone that lives and reigns!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich

A Prayer For Light in Darkness

O Thou not made with hands, yet dwelling in the heart of each of us, so fill us with Thy spirit that we may ever keep open our minds to the growing light of knowledge that comes from Thee. As we grope our way in darkness, and in the distance see a gleam of light, give us the will and the strength to push onward, until we at last come into the full sunshine of Thy presence. And as we go on our way searching, and perchance finding, may we help others, who are still groping, to find Thee, too. Amen

You've got to like people to get the best out of them. Harold Begbie

Under the Editor's Table

Peter Puck Wants To Know



If oculists believe their own eyes

A TEACHER refuses to draw a distinction between boys and girls. Perhaps she can't draw, anyway.

WHAT is the best time to have a bath? someone asks. When it's full of water.

SINGERS are usually sociable people. Like to be accompanied.

THERE is a boom in Shakespeare. His plays are having good reports.

SOME people believe in playing for safety. But nowadays you have to work for it.

AUSTRALIA has a thin population, declares a speaker. Evidently not fed up.

SOME Brighton residents object to cars being parked outside their houses. Want to drive the owners away.

MANY people spend hours planning how to avoid paying income tax. Tax their brains.



WHEN SCIENCE FAILS A BIRD WILL HELP US

The Gallant Little Flying Messengers That Came To the Aid of Civilisation



A pigeon being released from the rear cockpit of a disabled flying-boat during recent RAF tests

WE have come into the Age of Miracles, when science can do almost anything except give us Peace, and yet it is announced that if war should come the nation would have to rely in the last resort on a pigeon.

As the C N was explaining the other day, Pigeon Post is one of the oldest ways of carrying messages, and there are in this country about half a million homer pigeons which could be used by the Government if they were needed. It is now possible to reduce documents to so small a size that a pigeon could be made to carry whatever it could possibly be necessary to send, the miniature being magnified at the other end so that anyone could read it. We must expect, therefore, that in case of a national crisis the homer pigeon would become one of the most important factors.

In the Great War one of the heroes of the Menin Road was a pigeon which we may see today in a dark corner of the United Services Museum in Whitehall. It has a little card on it explaining that it was Pigeon 2709, Ninth Corps, and that it died of wounds in action on October 4, 1917. It was carrying a message from the front line at three in the afternoon and was hit by a bullet which broke a leg and drove the message-carrier into its body and out through its back. It was out in the wet all night, but it struggled home and delivered its message about eleven next morning, and then it died.

At a certain stage of hostilities it became urgent for us to get a dozen spies into Germany in the greatest possible haste. The only feasible way was to send Dutchmen loyal to our cause, but only one passport was available. Still, 12 men went with it. Twelve fearless Dutchmen, bearing a general resemblance to one another, were chosen. The first of the batch went with the passport and got through. Once clear of observation, he drew a pigeon from a secret pocket, tied the passport to its leg, and presto! in an incredibly short time the bird and its burden were over the frontier

and back at the base. In this way one passport was used to get all our 12 through. Each did his allotted task and came back to honour and reward.

The heroes of this splendid feat were pigeons from an English loft, trained by skill and kindness to fly over the flame and thunder of guns below them, beneath the roar and crackle of fighting aeroplanes above them, back to a little bedroom upstairs in some far-away loft, where they knew they would always find food.

We had probably 100,000 pigeons linked with the Army in the war. They were the Forlorn Hope Brigade, and nobly they responded to the call. When telegraph, telephone, and wireless broke down, and the dispatch-rider failed, the pigeon was called upon.

The most terrific barrage, the vilest gas attack, the wildest storms could not keep these feathered auxiliaries from doing their duty. The Army birds delivered many a message which was the means of bringing vital relief to hard-pressed troops.

In the early days the birds were housed in the motor-buses, the tops of which were covered in to form the loft, while the interiors formed sleeping quarters for the men in charge. The birds were taken up to the front by easy stages, but in an amazingly short time the fiercest barrage ceased to disturb them. Sometimes they got a fright, however, and a soldier in charge of a loft in France tells how one of his pigeons, released from a basket for a run, perched on one of the big guns. The gun went off, and so did the pigeon, never stopping in its flight until brought up by the back wall of his loft, for such was his speed that he burst through the bolting wires at the front of the cage. The average rate of their flight was 40 or 50 miles an hour.

It was a mile-a-minute flight by a pigeon that saved the lives of two officers of the R A F. They were on a seaplane patrol over the North Sea, and were compelled to descend about five miles from the rocky Scottish coast. A heavy sea was running, and the

machine was in danger of being dashed against the rocks. They threw up a pigeon at 4 p.m., and their message was received at the loft 20 miles away at 4.22. But for the message the authorities would have known nothing of the airmen's plight; as it was, help was sent just as the plane was breaking up.

At night, and in fog, the pigeons take a rest, but sometimes they would brave the terrors of darkness. A pilot had run into a fog-bank, missed his bearings, and was hopelessly lost; and, as a last resource, he threw out one of the pigeons which air patrols carry for sending reports. The pigeon flew on, and the man followed the bird home.

France has put up a monument to her war pigeons at Lille. They flew above the tragic trenches of Ypres, the Somme, and Verdun, where men fought and died in thousands; they winged their way through the din of bursting shells and the rattle of machine guns; they soared above the clouds of poison gas. All the horrors of war were beheld by their uncomprehending eyes. Not knowing the meaning of it all they went on the errands they were sent; and many a pigeon was brought down mercilessly by an enemy bullet, for war can have no pity. Far more died in their cages on the ground suffocated by gas.

As soldiers they are honoured now in death, and some were honoured while they lived. There was Cher Ami (the dear friend), born in an English pigeon loft, who saved an American battalion commanded by Major Charles Whittlesley. The battalion was surrounded; a fierce artillery fire was pouring into it. The field telegraph had been cut.

Major Whittlesley had seven pigeons. Six of those sent up were

shot down. The seventh, Cher Ami, rose and circled among the bursting shrapnel. Feathers fell from him; he had been hit. But on he went to his destination 25 miles away. A piece of shrapnel had broken his breastbone, his right leg had been shot away. But fastened to his body was the tiny aluminium case with the message giving the battalion's position and asking for the help which then was sent.

The battalion was saved, and Cher Ami had become a war hero. He recovered from his wounds, and was taken by the battalion to the United States, which welcomed him as if he had been General Lafayette come to life again. When he died, full of years and honour, his body was given a place in the Washington National Museum.

France well remembers the Verdun pigeon which was awarded the Croix de Guerre. It was the last pigeon Major Raynol, the defender of Fort Vaux, had left when being desperately pressed. He sent it up. It flew to its destination though badly wounded in its flight, and its message brought the reinforcements which saved the fort.

There is in London a monument to all those unknown animals (horses, mules, camels, dogs, pigeons, and other creatures) whose lives were part of the price the Allies paid for victory in the war. There were 484,000 dumb creatures whose lives were given for freedom, and the inscription on this memorial set up by the RSPCA has these fine words:

This building is dedicated as a memorial to the countless thousands of God's humble creatures who suffered and perished in the Great War; knowing nothing of the cause, looking forward to no final victory, filled only with faith, love, and loyalty, they endured much and died for us.



A wireless operator fixing the message to the pigeon before its release from the flying-boat

JOHN CHINAMAN AT PLAY

Football Older Than Ours

The final of one of our hard-court tennis championships was fought out not long ago by two Chinamen after all the Englishmen had been beaten.

In that final Wai Chuen Choy, who learned his tennis at Cambridge, where he gained his Blue, was defeated by Kho Sin Kie, who attained his remarkable proficiency at the game by play against men of varying nations.

Chinese costume seems to forbid national indulgence in sport, but the deeper we delve into Chinese history the more astonishing is the record of the things in which they have anticipated the rest of the world. Who would dream that the Chinese were expert footballers before we were? Clearly they were.

Kao the Prime Kicker

A famous Chinese book, called Shui Hu Chuan, translated into English by Pearl Buck as All Men Are Brothers, is a picture, based on history, of life in 11th century China. Writing his story 800 years ago, the unknown author tells of Kao Ch'iu, who could not only write and paint, sing and dance, but could play football!

It is upon that last gift that the fortunes of Kao are shown to turn, for, sent to the Court of Prince Tuan, a son of the Emperor Shen Chung, he found him playing football with his children. The ball was kicked out of play to where Kao was standing and returned by him with a side kick, which pleased the prince and caused him to invite Kao to play.

In spite of terrified protests Kao was constrained to comply, and was pitted against one whom the prince called The Prime Kicker. Delighted by some preliminary manoeuvres, the prince bade Kao show all he was capable of at the game.

A Beautiful Spectacle

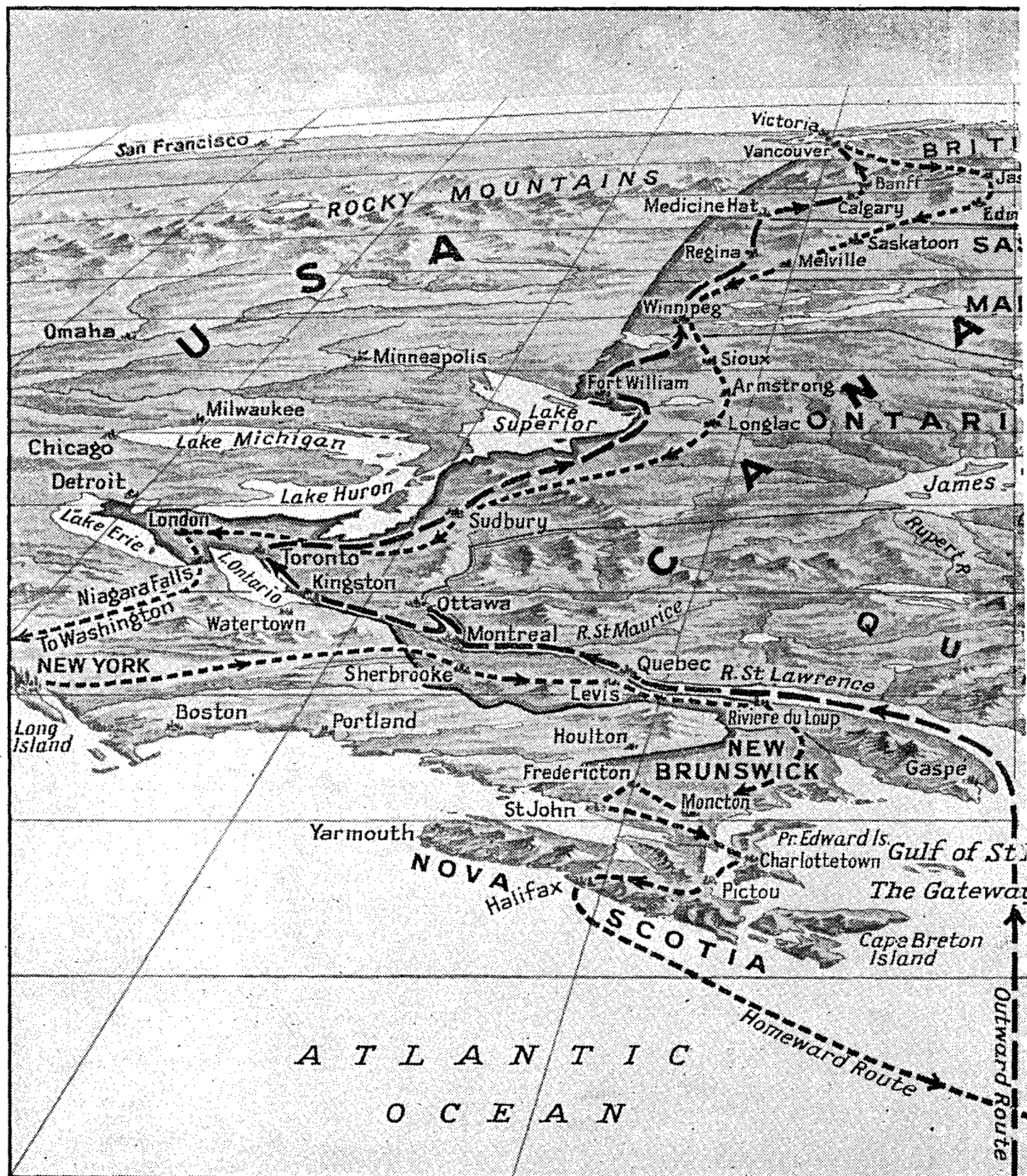
It was a beautiful spectacle, says the story. Kao kicked the ball so skilfully round about him that it seemed to cling to him of its own will. Could more be done by Stanley Matthews of Stoke or by James Dougal of Preston North End? It is a current compliment to such men to say that they play with such skill that they seem to have the ball attached to their bootlaces—but Kao and his jugglery was nine centuries before them.

But what was the ball with which Kao played? The East had no rubber, for no one outside the New World had ever seen a rubber ball till 1525, and the balls with which the Mexicans were then found at play were solid, not inflated with air as our footballs are. Yet 900 years ago Chinese could manipulate their balls just as our experts do, and gain fame and fortune as their reward.

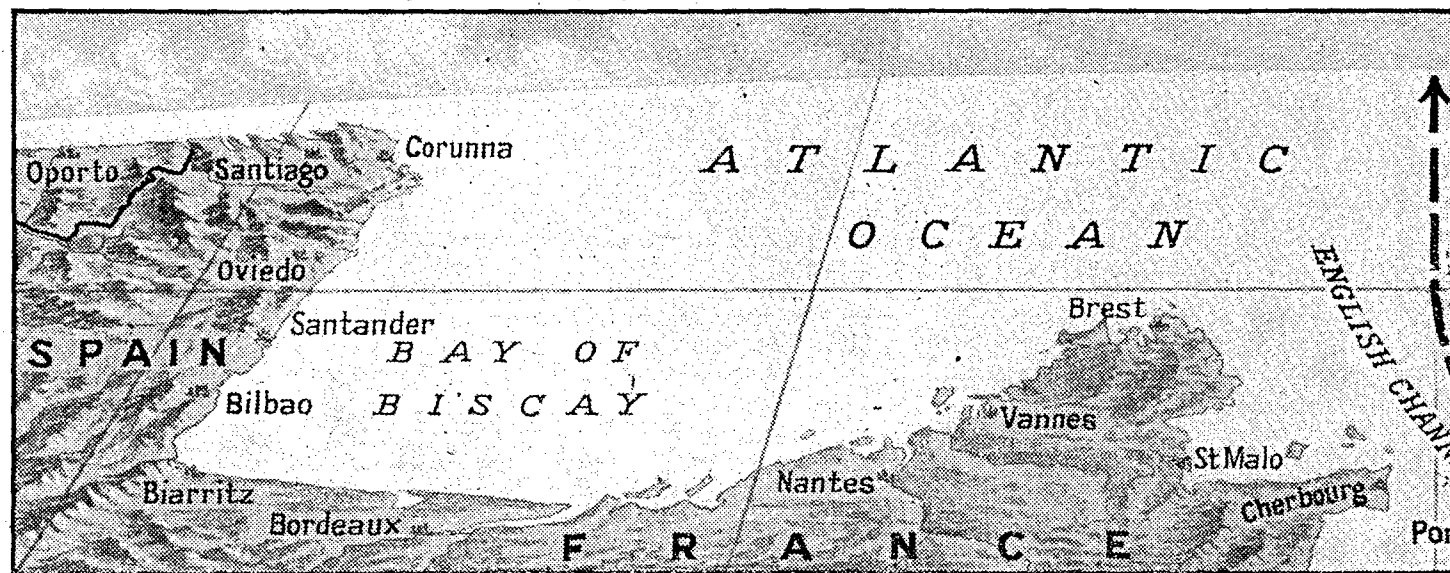
250,000 Lives in Sanctuary

It is interesting to read that whereas in 1912 there were 40,000 wild animals in the Kruger National Park in South Africa, today there are 250,000, about 500 elephants, 1500 giraffes, 1000 buffalo, but only five black rhinos.

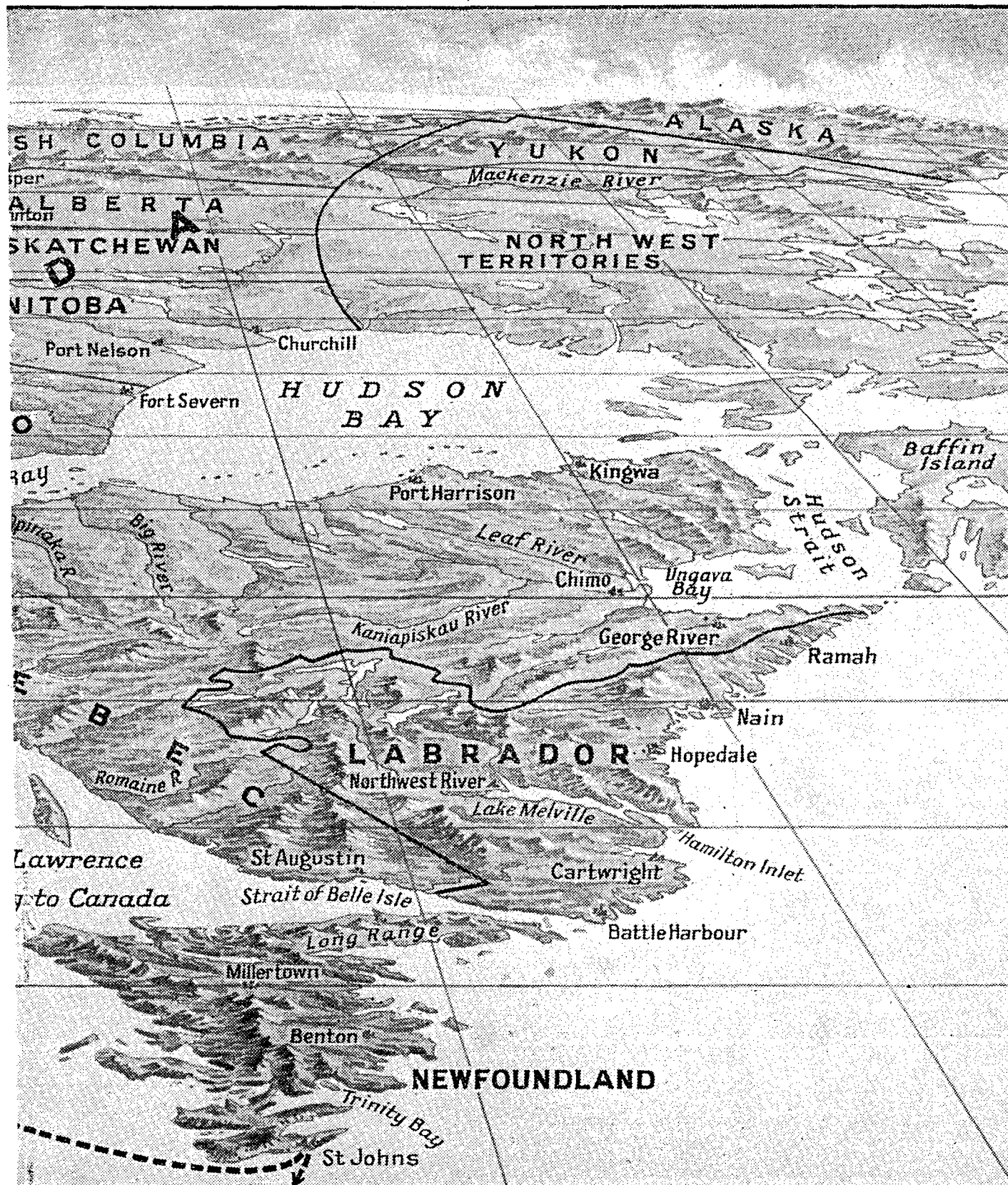
From England to Canada—CN Map of the K



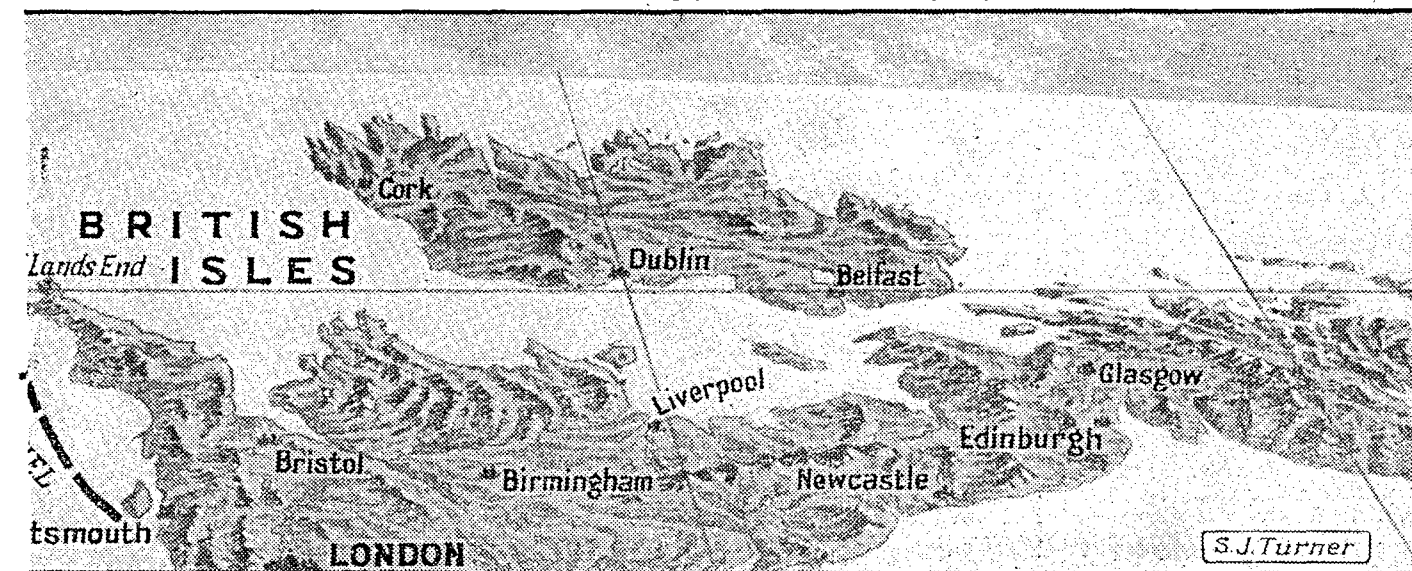
The maps are divided into 250-mile squares shown in perspective



ing's Route Across His Dominion in the West



The gap between the two maps represents 1700 miles of the Atlantic Ocean



THE WHITE SHIP AND THE WHITE ICEBERG

What it is That Happens

The dramatic meeting of the Empress of Australia with the ice has called attention once again to the dangers to shipping in Spring in the North-West Atlantic.

The memories of many older folk have been back to the tragedy of the Titanic 25 years ago, when the most magnificent ship of the century was sunk by an iceberg on her maiden voyage with the loss of 1500 lives.

No great disaster has happened since then, for a very efficient international ice patrol keeps watch and ward in this danger zone, warning shipping of the position of floating ice.

The Ice Patrol

Early in March the little fleet sets out from American and European ports, and summer is here before the last patrol ships return to their home port of Boston. Some of these ships have been watching an iceberg for weeks until it has faded away by melting in the warmer waters south of Newfoundland. The southern limit of ice in the North Atlantic, indeed, is a line half across that ocean from Boston in the direction of the north coast of Spain.

Where it is possible the patrols blow up parts of the bigger icebergs so that they will disperse more rapidly; but as an iceberg sometimes weighs a million tons, and covers as much space as St Paul's Cathedral (or even more), a hundred tons of explosive will have very little effect on it, shortening its life by only a few hours at most.

It is remarkable to reflect that some of the icebergs the King has seen, some he has photographed, would be over a century in the making.

Owing to the danger from ice Atlantic liners use two routes, using the more northerly only from the middle of August until the middle of January. It is not, however, possible to use the River St Lawrence in winter, Halifax in Nova Scotia being the chief seaport of eastern Canada when Montreal and Quebec are sealed.

The Origin of an Iceberg

What happens in the making of an iceberg is that for generations snow falls on snow in Greenland, and is frozen into hard, solid ice. Then it is pressed slowly down the mountain side until it forms part of the great permanent icefield covering the Polar regions. With the coming of Spring great masses of ice break off, those from the glaciers being the monsters towering hundreds of feet into the air, with eight times that depth below water.

Between Iceland and the east coast of Greenland flows a current which carries the ice round into Davis Strait, where it is diverted south by the Labrador Current, which moves over two miles an hour, until it is slowed down and overcome by the Gulf Stream, whose waters, warmed in the Gulf of Mexico, melt the ice. To add to the danger, the icebergs give rise to fogs, in which they move hidden from ships, which therefore have to stop, as the Empress of Australia did.

S.J. Turner

ELECTRICAL MUSIC

An Orchestra Played by One Man

As we all know well, sound is merely a vibration of the air which, striking on our ear-drums, is conveyed by specialised nerves to the brain, causing us to hear. We do not know why we hear, but we do know that any vibration so transferred results in the brain conceiving sound.

If the vibrations are irregular we call the result noise. If they are regular we are pleased with what we hear and call the result music.

Musical instruments set up vibrations and we use them to make concerted music. Each musical instrument gives us a different kind of tone, or timbre, because of differences in the vibrations which it causes. If we strike a certain note on the piano, and next sound it on the violin, we perceive that while the *pitch* is the same the *tone* is very different. That is because the piano wire, tapped by a hammer, gives out vibrations of a complex different from that of the string of a violin made to vibrate by a bow.

An Infinity of Tones

In recent years there has entered a new way of setting up vibrations, or making musical sounds. We can use electrical waves to set up aerial vibrations and to compound those vibrations in an infinity of ways.

So if we make a machine transforming electrical impulses into aerial vibrations we have an *Infinite Orchestra*. That is, we can, by suitable manipulation, so combine vibrations as to imitate known musical instruments, and, in addition, an infinite number of other musical instruments that have never yet been invented. The player on such an electrical instrument is in the position of an artist using colour; he can produce an *infinity of tones*.

The subject is only in its infancy, but we may be sure that it will be developed. Already organs are being made on the electrical principle, and we may look forward to a "new music" of infinite possibilities. It will be capable of concentrating, in the hands of a single performer, the production and control of orchestral tones never before heard.

BIGGER HOLLAND

A Colony at Home

Holland continues her brave fight with the sea. It is twenty years since she began the great work of turning the Zuyder Zee into farmland, and now fertile farms prosper where so lately the sea was in possession. The reclaimed area, the Wieringermeer, covers about 40,000 acres.

Now the giant pumps are rapidly draining the north-east polder of over 200,000 acres, and in 1940 it is hoped that this further area will be under cultivation. After that, further areas, even greater, will be tackled and turned into good land.

Sorely Holland needs this good work, for her population is still increasing. It is hoped that, when all is completed, Holland will have increased her agricultural area by over 500,000 acres, sufficient land to support 300,000 people.

A Frog and Eight Towns

At Lismore, New South Wales, a frog jumped on to the brass bars at the back of the switchboard at the council's powerhouse.

Immediately there was a big flash and all supply was cut off, and eight towns were put in darkness. When the engineers set to work they found the frog lying on its back a few feet away, and, picking it up, found that, although it had received a shock of 2300 volts, it was unhurt.

Good News From The Wooden Horse of Bucharest

Here is a splendid bit of good news from Lancashire, another good example of how differences can be settled by sitting round a table.

For years and years Lancashire weavers have been trying to get what is known as "shuttle kissing" abolished, and the employers, the workers, and the Home Office have now come together and decided on a plan for its abolition.

Within two years the process of changing over from the old type of shuttle to the new will be in full swing, and within six years the process will be complete.

Shuttle kissing is the method of threading a shuttle by sucking the thread through the shuttle eye, a most unhealthy practice. Shuttles in the future will be threaded by hand. Old Lancashire weavers could thread a shuttle by kissing in the twinkling of an eye. When a learner first tries to thread a shuttle by kissing he usually gets about three yards of thread down his throat, because the art of shuttle kissing demands just enough and not too much suction.

Arthur Mee's Wiltshire

No better book on Kent has been written, and it is impossible to believe ever will be written, than Arthur Mee's, says The Star.

But Arthur Mee believes his new book on Wiltshire is better than his book on Kent. It is one of the best King's England volumes, and has brought this appreciation from a man who has loved Wiltshire all his life:

I have always felt that Wiltshire is insuperably difficult to convey to the outsider, because there is something phantasmal about it, something only the poet can sense. But you have succeeded marvelously in prose, and this is genius.

The intangible essence of the Wiltshire downland is here for us and becomes the atmosphere of the book. Mrs J. A. Spender describes the King's England books admirably when she says there is a sort of light shining all through.

Niagara's New Bridge

It will be remembered that in January 1938 the bridge over the Niagara Falls was destroyed by ice.

Exceptionally severe weather had frozen hundreds of thousands of tons of water, and bit by bit the ice was piled up in masses as it moved forward slowly, though irresistibly, as a glacier. It crippled the bridge as it advanced.

The old bridge has gone, but a new bridge is to take its place, and it is hoped it will be built in such a way that no frost will be able to bring it down. The engineers are to set the piers 50 or 60 feet back from the river bank, and the arch will rise much higher than any mass of ice ever known at this point.

Known as the Rainbow, the bridge is expected to be finished within 15 months, and is estimated to cost about £800,000.

The Coal-Burster

A Wigan firm of colliery engineers has produced a hydraulic coal-burster.

CN readers will know that when a miner wishes to bring down a quantity of coal he does it by what is called "firing a shot." The new method uses about a pint of water treated with oil or soap, and lessens the danger of explosions. Its action does not shake the roof, nor is it necessary for the miner to withdraw from the coal face during operations.

Everyone is familiar with the old story of the Wooden Horse of Troy, and of how the Trojans were duped by it. The story was told again in Bucharest the other day, though there was a smile on the faces of those who recounted it.

It seems that one morning not long ago people who passed the royal palace were surprised to see that overnight a big wooden horse had been mounted on a pedestal. Wild rumours flew about the city, and there were people humorous or credulous enough to suggest that perhaps another Troy plot was afoot, and that some anti-Government conspiracy was being hatched.

The explanation was simple. An equestrian statue of Carol the First is to be erected in the square, and the rough wooden model was being used so that the civic authorities could test the artistic effect of it on neighbouring buildings.

The Fate of 100 Men

The hopes of about a hundred miners in Derbyshire are in the balance.

They work in Britain's biggest lead mine, but do not know how long they are likely to be employed there, as the mine may close within a month or two.

Mill Close Mine is in Darley Dale near Matlock. For years it has produced one-third of all the lead mined in these islands, and several generations of owners have made fortunes out of it. But the cost of extracting lead from the workings is rising; the men now go down 600 feet below the River Derwent, and pumping machinery is necessary to keep the mine from flooding. Soon the cost will be out of all proportion to the amount of lead extracted unless some happy turn of events brings new sources of lead to light. About twelve years ago there seemed every prospect of the mine closing down, but happily lead was found in abundance, though at a greater depth than ever before, and a new lease of life was given to the old mine.

Will something like this happen again, we wonder? If it does not within a few weeks 100 men in Darley Dale are likely to be out of work, and a famous mine will have had its day and ceased to be.

Oil From Coal in Derbyshire

Orders for ten million gallons of oil will mean steady employment in at least one Derbyshire colliery.

Mr Geoffrey Lloyd, Minister of Mines, has recently opened at Bolsover a new refinery where coal is converted into oil. Each week 3400 tons of coal will be taken from the pit, and almost on the spot each ton will be made to yield 14 cwt of coalite and 21 gallons of crude oil. The crude oil will then be refined to yield an equal amount of petrol or nearly the same quantity of heavy oil. There are other products too, such as creosote, germicides, and disinfectants.

The new refinery at Bolsover, the only one in the country working practically at the pithead, has a capacity for ten million gallons of oil each year, and it is likely that another plant with a similar capacity will be constructed.

The Honest Scot

The Post Office in Ottawa was very much amused the other day to receive a letter signed by "an honest Scot" in Winnipeg. For 20 years he had been filling his fountain-pen from the post office inkwells, and now his conscience had been troubling him, and so he enclosed sixpence to pay for the ink! "I think it should cover the cost," he said, "as the ink is not of a very good quality!"

SAFER AIRWAYS

Traffic Control by Wireless

With so much flying by day and by night in all sorts of conditions it is remarkable that there are so few collisions.

Actually there is strict control of all aircraft in zones where traffic is heavy and the Air Ministry has recently revised the regulations governing flying in bad visibility.

If visibility is less than 1100 yards by day, or the navigation lights of another plane cannot be seen at that distance by night, conditions are deemed to be bad, and no plane may take off, land, or fly within a controlled zone without the instructions, given by wireless, of the aerodrome Air Traffic Control. The call sign Q B I is sent out to warn all aircraft and other aerodromes that such conditions prevail.

The controlled areas are round various aerodromes, and machines not equipped with wireless may fly in them only by obtaining prior permission. Machines having wireless must notify the Air Traffic Control of their approach 30 minutes before their estimated time of arrival, and they must say if they will need the assistance of blind-landing equipment. They are informed in return of the best method of approach and of the time when they may land. If several planes are waiting to alight the control officer can order some of them to land elsewhere.

Transport planes and others on special duty are given precedence over private planes, but any plane in difficulties is given priority.

ON WITH THE HUNT

The Rats Must Go

It is said that rats cause damage in Britain amounting to £45,000,000 a year.

A special appeal is being made to farmers, local authorities, and others to fight the pest, for, owing to a combination of conditions, an increase in the rat population is expected in the next few months; and with the extra stocks of grain that are now being accumulated there will be no lack of food for them. The demolition of old buildings has caused numerous colonies to seek fresh quarters, and the rubbish dumps which foul the landscape in many new urban areas also encourage the pests.

A destructive little creature which was thought to be extinct, the English black rat, has been seen again in Kent, Middlesex, and Hertfordshire. It is more vicious than the all-too-familiar brown rat. But both types must go, and here is one kind of hunting with which the C.N. agrees, so we have no hesitation in saying On with the hunt!

Lessons in the Sky

Early the other morning a giant airliner left Albuquerque in New Mexico, and as it circled overhead the inhabitants of the town waved frantically, for 21 boys and girls from the high school were on board, all having the thrill of going to school in the air!

There are 2000 students at the school, a few of them full-blooded Red Indians, mostly descendants of pioneers who made the journey to Albuquerque by covered wagon in the old days, and the Albuquerque Board of Education has arranged for each of them to have a free instruction flight.

For a week before their flight the youngsters attend a series of lectures on aviation by pilots and engineers, so that when they climb into the aeroplane they already have a slight practical knowledge of aviation. Inside the machine the eager young passengers put on earphones which are tuned to the lecturer's microphone.

An aviation mechanic's course and a ground course are to be added to the school curriculum.

ONE BALL WINS A CRICKET MATCH

A Game Not Forgotten

A friend of the CN who is a cricket enthusiast sends us these notes concerning a match played over half a century ago.

In those days timeless Tests were unheard of, but we feel that such leisurely affairs would have held no interest for the heroes of this amusing story.

Two brothers living in Kent in the 1880's arranged a cricket match between teams representing their respective towns, just two miles apart.

It was agreed that the match should take place on Chatham Lines, where Mr Pickwick saw his first military review, not far from the place where the Naval War Memorial now stands.

The only means of transport for the visiting team was by a slow horse-drawn bus. On this occasion the bus made even more stops than usual, with the result that it was getting late in the afternoon when the visitors reached Chatham. In fact, the local team complained that it was too late to finish the game if it were started then.

The visitors pressed them to start, however, and suggested that the home team should bat first. They did so, and were dismissed for 46 runs.

Forty Seven—All Run

The captain of the visiting team then put in his two youngest batsmen, one of them a mere boy. The first ball came to this young lad, who certainly knew how to handle a bat. The ball went spinning off to the brink of the Great Lines and, toppling over the edge, ran down the long slope to the street called the Brook.

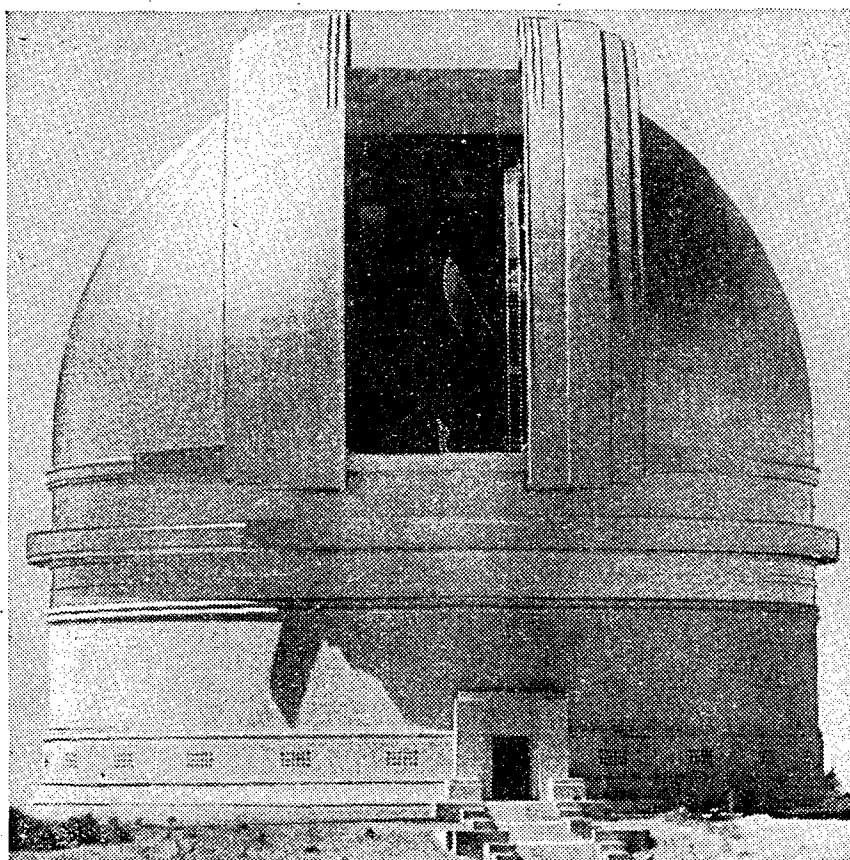
Most of the fielders ran to the edge of the Lines and saw the ball bouncing its way down the hill. The first man to reach the ball when it came to a halt threw it as far up the long hill as he could; and relays of fielders stood on the long slope to throw catches one to another. Catches were missed, and whenever the ball was dropped it rolled again to the bottom of the hill.

This was repeated so often that before the ball eventually arrived at the top of the hill, in the pocket of one of the players, 47 runs had been made by the active youngsters still at the wickets, and the match was over.

Only one ball had been bowled, to give the visitors their victory!

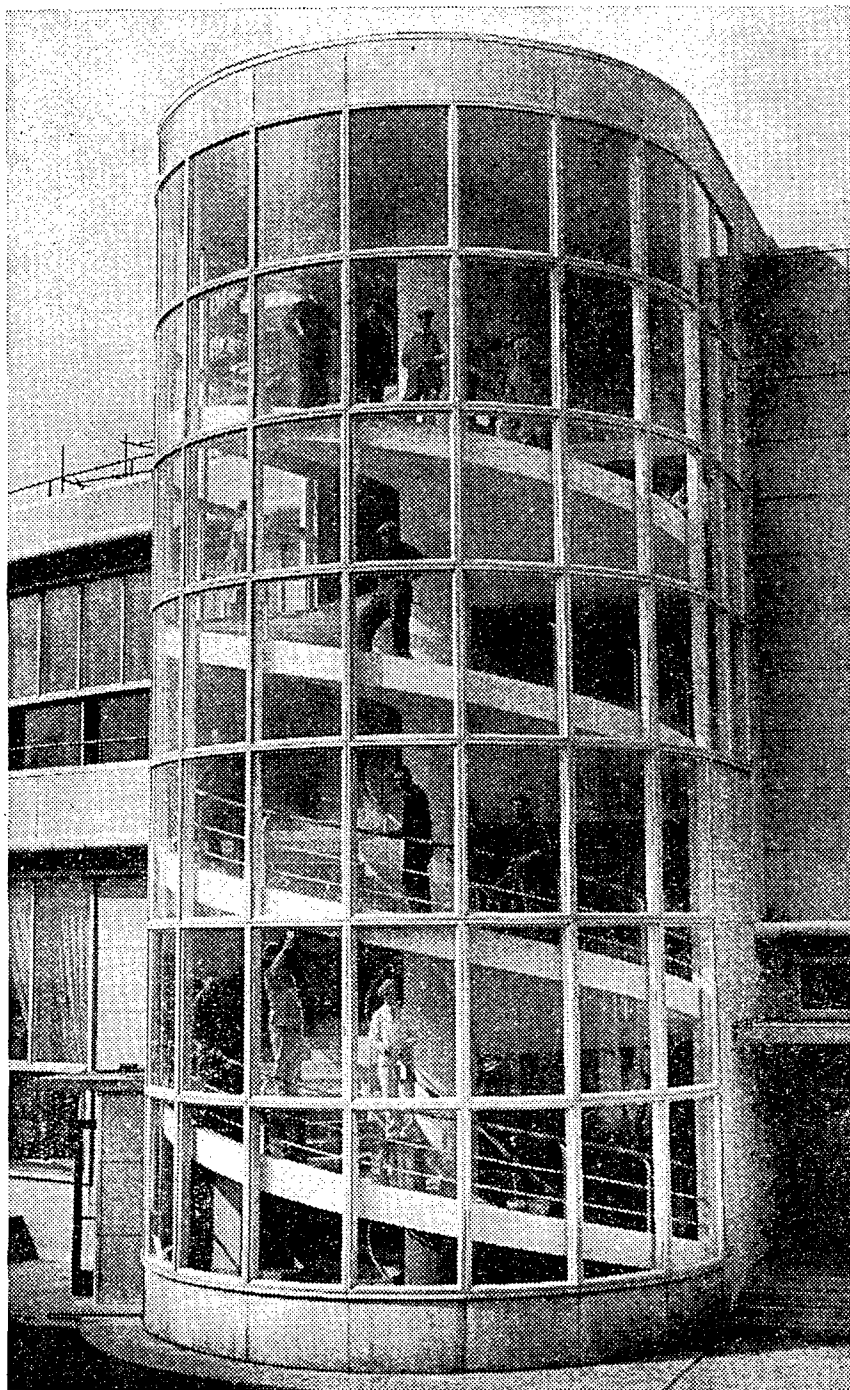
A Man Who Should Not Be Unemployed

Mr and Mrs George Meikle of Edinburgh are living on the dole, yet they have raised and given to Leith Hospital the splendid sum of £100. Not long ago their three-year-old daughter Millicent was taken ill and had to go to the hospital. The doctors and nurses were splendid and Millicent got well. The parents were deeply grateful, but what could they give out of their unemployment allowance? Determined to do something in return, they borrowed a handcart, put a borrowed piano on it, and trundled it round the streets. Mrs Meikle played and Mr Meikle pushed the handcart and collected the coppers. In next-to-no time they had £100.



OBSERVATORY

The tiny figure of a man at the big opening gives an idea of the immense size of Mount Palomar Observatory, in Southern California, in which the 200-inch reflecting telescope is being installed



STAIRCASE

This glass tower encloses the staircase of the new Casino on Blackpool's famous Pleasure Beach

THOMAS HARDY'S LITTLE ROOM

A Copy of It For His Old Town

Dorchester, the wonderful town of the West, has a new thing to show us.

It is in the fine museum there, where Lieutenant-Colonel Drew, its enthusiastic curator, has reconstructed the study of the best-known Dorset man the world over, Thomas Hardy.

Standing in the Hardy Memorial Room we may peer through a window into a floodlit interior arranged exactly as the poet's study was.

The Pen and the Book

The furniture for the room, with pictures and fireplace, have been removed from Max Gate, Thomas Hardy's last home. His desk stands beneath the window with the calendar at January 11, 1928, the day of his death, and the blotting paper has not been changed since he used it. On his desk are the pens with which he wrote his books, the name of the book cut on the shaft of the pen which wrote it.

Here is his favourite chair and thrown over the arm are his cap and gown as Doctor of Literature of Cambridge.

Outside the study, in the Memorial Room in which we stand, is a case telling Hardy's life in pictures, and near it is the most valuable collection of Hardy manuscripts in existence, beginning with a copybook used by him as a schoolboy. Here also is a ship's model fully rigged and beautifully made by our Poet Laureate, John Masefield, our great poet of the sea, who wrote on it a beautiful compliment to Thomas Hardy, this: *For Thomas Hardy, Poet, from John Masefield, poet*; so the younger man, by the fine distinction of a capital letter, measured the greatness of his friend.

Mr Masefield's Tribute

It was Mr Masefield who opened this memorial the other day, and this is from his speech about Mr Hardy:

Thomas Hardy (said Mr Masefield) was the strange, vital repository of the old traditions, stories, and memories of the strange characters that walked the fields of the English countryside for five generations.

One remarkable thing about Hardy was the way he matured. Very few artists went on growing as Hardy did until well past the age of 70. Maturity was perhaps the rarest gift of any human being. Thirty-six was a vital age for poets. Very often they died about then (it was surprising the number who had died then), and those who continued very often ceased to do interesting work after 50. A few, the great ones, went on getting better and better until they were 70. Thomas Hardy did some of his very best work after 65, and it was astonishing that he grew better and better after 50.

Hardy's poetry had meant a great deal to the younger poets of today. They started to read him with the publication of *Wessex Poems*, and Hardy had been, he supposed, the most powerful influence for the good of English poetry since Robert Browning. He brought to his writing an extraordinary knowledge of the countryside and its past, and invented more methods of writing verse than any other poet in the great company of English poets.

REAL HOLIDAYS FOR THE MILLION

Rest With Pay

Such splendid progress has been made with the Holidays with Pay movement that the Ministry of Labour reports that this year no fewer than 7,750,000 people will enjoy a real holiday—rest, and pay while resting.

The old-time holiday for the masses merely meant that a manual worker took time off at his own expense. Many clerks and others in sedentary occupations were paid while enjoying a fortnight's vacation, but for the artisan and labourer "holiday" meant No Pay.

Now we have reached a stage at which about one in three of the wage and small salary earners will draw money while on vacation. There are about 18,500,000 such employees, and a third would therefore be about 6,170,000, so that the real proportion getting pay this year will be over one in three.

The majority of the 7,750,000 will have to be content with a week's holiday with pay; in some cases only six days. In Government and Municipal service 12 to 14 days is not unusual. The cooperative wholesale and retail societies also give about a fortnight.

The Question of Overcrowding

Many employers make a stipulation that the worker drawing pay for his week's holiday shall not work for wages during that week.

No doubt we shall see further development in several directions. The week will eventually be extended and the number of workers enjoying holidays with pay will become universal.

A third point is of great importance. It is that millions will need comfortable accommodation by the sea or in the country. A lead has been given by the Midland Counties Staggered Holidays programme; at Ramsgate, in Kent, thousands of bedrooms have been booked for a week to house Coventry workers who have arranged to take their week's holiday at the end of June.

Thus the overcrowding of holiday resorts is being prevented in at least one case; but it will be very difficult to cope with August traffic this year, and as time goes on organisation will have to be extended.

The Little Arabs of Tunis

Three times a week a pathetic group of Arab children and aged and blind people gather at the gates of the Animal Hospital at Kairouan in Tunis.

They are starving, for drought and the high price of food resulting from it have pressed hardly on the nomad Bedouins, whose standard of life is very low at the best of times.

The hospital staff have opened a soup kitchen and supply about 300 meals a week, a welcome addition to the work of the French Government, whose efforts to meet the need have proved insufficient. A hundred can be fed for between six and ten shillings, but gifts for the purchase of food are badly needed.

The soup kitchen is a great boon to the little Arab children, and Miss Nina Hosali, of 41 Baker Street, W 1, secretary of the society, is appealing for gifts to enable it to carry on.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C.N. of May 1914

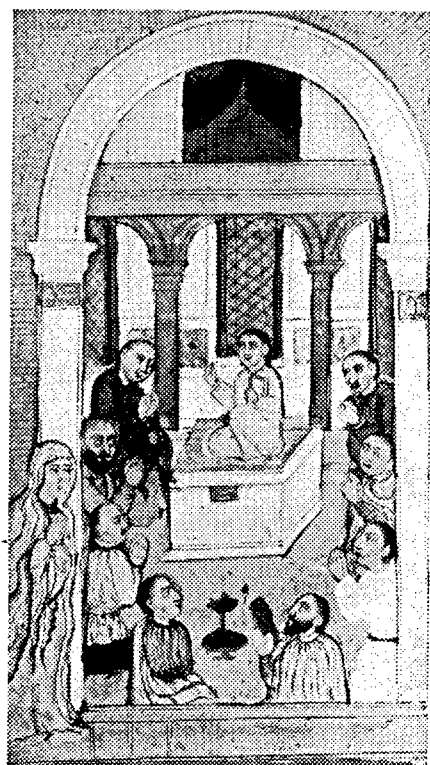
A Chance For the Postmaster-General. It is still true, unfortunately, that telephone call offices are established in public-houses and other licensed premises in this country; and now that the Government has entire charge of the telephone service, and now that Parliament has declared that children shall not enter public-houses, it seems right that attention should be called to the matter.

A STORY FOR THE GREAT MOGUL

Persia's Life of Jesus Before the English Bible

READERS of history know how often great conquerors have appeared upon the scene and passed away, leaving behind them the misery and the wreckage of their wars to be a hindrance to humbler people.

A few of the conquerors have honestly tried to do some good to their subjects,



A page from the old Persian Life of Christ

and the world likes to remember this rather than the sorrows of their victims. One such conqueror was Akbar, the Great Mogul who ruled over part of India when Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne of England.

Some of Akbar's doings are recalled by an old book in the Persian language which has lately been brought home from India. This book was given to a missionary by the Indian teacher from whom he had been learning the Urdu language. The missionary could not read Persian, but the pictures in the old book showed him that it contained the story of Christ.

A careful examination proves that it is one of several copies made by hand from a Persian Life of Christ written for the Great Mogul by the Jesuit missionary Jerome Xavier, nephew of the immortal Francis Xavier, before the appearance of our Authorised English Bible.

There are several pictures in the old book, and they also were copied by hand about three centuries ago from the originals in Lahore. But they are not so good as the beautiful pictures they were copied from.

The tattered book tells a story. It tells in its own pages the story of Jesus; but it also tells us by its very existence that the great Akbar was one who sought the Truth. He came into India from the northern hills, and found that, then as now, Moslems and Hindus were at loggerheads, and he thought Christianity might form a bridge between them or provide common ground upon which all might live in peace. So he received the Christian missionaries of those days and treasured their books and pictures in his palace.

Akbar has other claims on our remembrance, for he was always generous to the vanquished, making their leaders feel that they were still leaders in his new kingdom and turning enemies into friends by kindly treatment. His religion was that of Mohammed, but as emperor he recognised and encouraged Hinduism, Christianity, and Zoroastrianism, inquiring always for himself about the best way of life. Perhaps he thought, as our English Alfred thought 700 years before him, that "Power is not a good unless he be good that hath it."

Where Cromwell Won Our Liberties

A MONUMENT is to be set up on the battlefield of Marston Moor.

Today no one who rides through the smiling plain of York with its green meadows and spacious cornfields would think of the neighbourhood of Tadcaster and York as a moor, but in 1644 it was so. Here, between Long Marston and Tockwith, Cromwell's Roundheads defeated Charles Stuart's Royalists. It was one of the decisive battles in our island story, and it shaped our history, leading on to the days when kings no longer ruled by divine right but by the will of the people.

It was a summer evening when the battle began, and since that time nearly 300 harvests have been gathered from the fields where Prince Rupert and his thousand horsemen were scattered by Cromwell and Fairfax.

Now the Cromwell Association has decided that so memorable a battlefield ought not to be passed by heedlessly, and they have contributed £100 towards the cost of the monument which the Harrogate group of the Yorkshire

Archaeological Society intends to erect before July. The scheme was put forward by the society's energetic president, Mr James Ogden, whose services in the cause of Yorkshire's yesterday are widely known and greatly appreciated.

It is proposed to erect the monument as near the centre of the battlefield as possible, which means that it will be near the road from Long Marston to Tockwith. With a hedge about it, the memorial will be a sandstone obelisk about 25 feet high, and it will have a bronze plaque.

This is the third Cromwell memorial set up by the new Cromwell Association, of which Mr Isaac Foot is president and Mr Russell Smith secretary. The other two memorials, both erected last year, are in Cromwell's own town of Huntingdon, one a stone on the house he was born in, the other a stone on the school where he received his first lessons. It is hoped in time to mark in a dignified manner all the great Cromwell places of pilgrimage.

The Crab up the Tree

The boarder who is the least trouble at Sydney's Taronga Park is a crab from New Guinea, for he goes in search of his own meals.

He is no ordinary crab, for he is as big as a dinner plate and lives in palm trees. He gets his food by throwing down coconuts to crack them and then sets to work to tear the fibres apart with his claws!

Dropping the 'Air Mail

The Post Office in America is organising a scheme whereby aeroplanes deliver and collect mail without landing. Five small towns between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh have been provided with pick-up facilities. Their mail is dropped to them by parachutes; then the aeroplane swoops down as low as possible and carries away outbound bags by special grappling hooks.

WHAT THE PUBLIC THINKS

Can it be Discovered?

Much ado has been made of late by American attempts to sample Public Opinion in England, and there have been some notable examples of correctness. But even the old fortune-tellers, or the modern quack astrologer, succeeds at times: you can always predict one fine day in seven, or a bit of bad luck.

The truth is that only by a prohibitive expenditure could anything like a reliable estimate of opinion be arrived at.

We can readily understand the matter if we set out by sampling to discover the average length of the leaves on a certain species of tree. It would be very difficult to measure every leaf on an oak tree and thus to arrive at the average, and it is really unnecessary. It is quite sufficient to take a leaf at random from many parts of the tree, thus collecting, say, a hundred leaves, and to take an average of their length. That sample, taken truly at random, would give a perfectly true result for all the leaves of the tree.

If, however, the investigator deliberately picked his samples, choosing big leaves, sampling would be unfair and his results worthless.

Moreover, as between one year and another, sampling results would vary, because trees are finer in some years than in others.

Human Variations

When we come to sampling the opinions of human beings we deal with a much more difficult matter. The public is composed of many sorts and conditions of men and women, and to get a fair sample of the whole population we should have to take separate and proportionate samples from every sort and condition. Moreover, public opinion so rapidly changes, as we know from elections, that if samples were fairly collected in June they might give a quite different result from those taken with equal fairness in January or December.

When we are told that sampling agents in America go out "on foot and by car, and use their own judgment which door-bells to ring, which cabins to enter," we know that the sampling is left to judgment which cannot possibly have proper regard to the variation of opinion in various ranks of social status, occupation, income, age, and so on.

The truth is that to get fair samples of human opinion in a great and complex community the sampling would be too costly if made scientifically; and we can place no reliance on the result of amateur investigations conducted by a limited number of agents.

God and the Universe

The Universe and God. By R. E. D. Clary. Hodder and Stoughton, 7s 6d.

The writer of this book, a Cambridge scientist, believes that if the simple truths of the universe were realised there would be a change for the better among men in every land, and that we should cease the senseless frustration of science and spend our energies in seeking peace and happiness, rather than in seeking wealth and building engines of war.

We may or may not agree with Mr Clark, but his book gives us something to think about; for while he believes that God is behind the world he declares that in one science after another it has been discovered that things do not work out in nature according to the expected natural laws, but that the Creator is outside nature and is able to intervene at will.

The C.N. believes that God works through nature and through His people; the case of this book is that God works outside nature and intervenes for His own purpose.

THE OWL IN THE HEAVENS

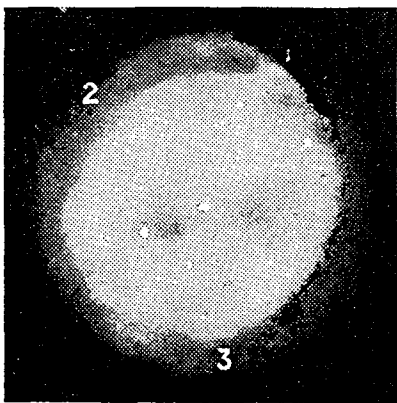
A Solar System in the Making

By the C N Astronomer

The Owl Nebula is one of the most famous and interesting of the celestial marvels of Ursa Major, for it appears to be a solar system in an early and largely gaseous stage. It is therefore the reverse of the advanced solar system of Xi and the dying sun of Lalande recently described.

One wonders how many thousands of millions of years must separate the two states of existence and what will happen in its long future to this singular and immense mass of elements known popularly as the Owl Nebula and to astronomers as Messier 97 or G.C. 3587.

This nebula derived its name from its appearance as seen through the great reflector telescope of Lord Rosse, nearly 90 years ago. Our photograph, taken at Mount Wilson, also conveys a faint



The Owl Nebula

impression of an owl's head, the points 1 and 2 suggesting the ears and 3 the beak, while the two shaded portions, one on each side of the bright central star, provide the eye-sockets.

It was fortunate that Lord Rosse made an elaborate drawing of it as seen through his telescope, which was of almost the same aperture as the one through which our photograph was taken. But Lord Rosse's drawing showed two distinct bright eyes in the eye-sockets, apparently produced by stars. Now, after the lapse of 90 years, these are gone. Here indeed is a mystery; but Professor Barnard appears to have solved it by suggesting that those stars have moved relatively to the nebula. Five stars can be distinctly seen on the nebula's disc in the photograph, and it is certain that all, except the centre one, have no connection with the nebula, but merely appear in the line of sight.

The Central Core

The centre star is a sun which is evolving in the midst of the vast encircling streams of nebulous material and primeval elements, and out of which life-giving worlds may evolve. These encircling streams take a spiral or elliptic course and provide the fanciful resemblances to ears, beak, eyes, and even feathers on the head of the owl. But none of this is seen without very powerful magnification, though a small telescope will show the nebula as a faint disc resembling Jupiter seen out of focus. Very powerful glasses might also provide a glimpse on a dark, clear night, the nebula being found about four times the Moon's apparent width away to the south-east of Beta in Ursa Major.

A remarkable feature of these planetary nebulae, of which over 150 are known, is their immensity, which averages about 120 times the diameter of our Solar System, and also their great speed, which averages about 24 miles a second through space. Moreover, the central suns evolving in these planetary nebulae are remarkable for their great surface temperatures, which are among the hottest known. G. F. M.

The College of the Sea EDUCATING THE MEN IN OUR SHIPS

THE rapid increase in the number of young men entering our national services has drawn attention to the great need for sufficient supplies of men of technical and theoretical knowledge to train the main body of raw recruits.

The Army, the Navy, and the Air Force are today as dependent on the intelligence of their members as they were on their mere muscle and endurance a generation ago. The need to understand the machine he uses has entirely altered the training of the man in the forces today, and everyone has the opportunity to become a skilled tradesman.

Floating Libraries

The State is seeing to it that the soldier, seaman, and airman receive ample training, and in recent years steps have been taken to encourage those who form our most important reserves in war to acquire knowledge. We refer to the members of the Merchant Service and the fishing fleets.

One of the most valuable organisations engaged in this work is the Seafarers Education Service, which is perhaps best known for its library system. It is nearly 20 years since it placed its first library on a British merchant ship, and today it has about 100,000 books circulating on 600 ships belonging to 48 different companies. Prize competitions for essays and for models and craftwork followed, and it was found that the men and boys were eager to obtain expert advice on the subjects interesting them. How, cut off from the facilities everywhere available for a student ashore, could a sailor acquire the knowledge he desired for its own sake or for making himself fit for a higher position?

To meet this need the College of the Sea was founded with our good friend (ours because everybody's) Dr Albert Mansbridge as its honorary director. From headquarters at Selwyn House, Endsleigh Street, London, advice and instruction in any reasonable subject are sent out to any seafarer who asks for it, the staff preparing courses of study, lending books from the great library, and if necessary arranging for one who is studying at sea to meet tutors in London or other ports at home or abroad.

New Zealand's Only Takahe

A native bird of New Zealand considered to be extinct is the takahe. There are only four mounted specimens in the world. Two are in the British Museum in London, a third is in the Dresden Museum, and the fourth, caught in 1898 in the south-west fiord country, is in its native country.

Recently the museum authorities in New Zealand decided to share their treasures. So it came about that the solitary takahe has been going the rounds between the museums of the country's four cities.

Another extinct bird is the huia, which had the misfortune to have beautiful tail feathers so much desired by the Maoris. The huia has been commemorated through having its portrait stamped on the sixpences now in circulation in New Zealand.

The Church's Post Office

At the Church of All Nations in Toronto is one of the strangest post offices in Canada.

As its name implies, the congregation is made up of people of all nationalities, and the idea of setting up an unofficial post office was thought of several years ago when two Finnish girls began having their home letters sent to the church. In the reading-room are over a thousand little boxes in which letters are kept until called for by people with weird and unpronounceable names, many of them Asiatics.

Needless to say, this post office is a haunt of stamp collectors.

For example, a seaman may wish to study for the mate's certificate: the College will put him in touch with a suitable school of navigation. It may be a language or an art in which guidance is required: the staff at Selwyn House will give advice free or carry out a tuition course by correspondence at a cost arranged so as to deter no applicant, man or boy. Dr Mansbridge has also enlisted the voluntary help of some 40 distinguished scholars and public men to advise on suitable studies, his council including the heads of Oxford and Cambridge Colleges as well as shipowners.

As there are about 200,000 British seamen in the Merchant Service, and about 7000 boys enter it each year, it will be realised how big a field the College of the Sea has to serve. If there was one student on every ship over 3000 tons there would be nearly 2500 scattered through the Seven Seas; there are in addition, however, 4000 ships of less than 3000 tons whose officers and men and boys are welcomed as students.

School For Fishermen

The education of fishermen is not beset with so many difficulties, for they have more time ashore. The biggest nautical school in the world is to be found at Grimsby, where the local authorities train over 1000 pupils a year, aged from 14 to 60. Every year this school by the famous fish docks places about 250 boys in the Fishing Service, the Merchant Service, the Navy, and the Air Force. The boy will return again and again to study for his next step in the ladder of promotion, while others learn all about steam and Diesel engines, compass adjusting, and aircraft navigation. One of the most interesting classes at the school is attended by yachtsmen of all ages and professions, studying in their spare hours to enter the Naval Volunteer Reserve.

The opportunities for the landsman to add to his knowledge are broadcast far and wide; those for the man who spends most of his life at sea are less well known, and the C N is glad to have this opportunity of calling attention to the excellent work that is being done. May it go on from strength to strength.

SCHOOL BROADCASTS

There will be no broadcasts to schools from the National transmitter during Whit week. The programme which follows is from Scottish Regional only.

Scottish Regional

MONDAY, 2.30 Speech Training for Seniors: by Anne H. McAllister.

TUESDAY, 11.0 Physical Training (for use in an open space): by Edith Dowling. 11.45 Physical Training (for use in a classroom): by Edith Dowling. 2.5 Round the Village—The Threshing-mill Men: by John R. Allan. 2.30 Some Modern Scottish Poets (2): by J. M. Caie.

WEDNESDAY, 11.5 Speech Training for Juniors—A Sound for Careful Ears: by Anne H. McAllister. 2.30 Biology—The Brain, Spinal Cord, and Nerves: by R. C. Garry.

THURSDAY, 11.0 Intermediate French. 2.5 Time and Tune (Melody and Harmony—How Tunes finish): by Herbert Wiseman. 2.40 Nature Study—Scottish Reptiles: by C. H. Donoghue. 3.5 Scottish History—Transport on Sea: by H. Hamilton.

FRIDAY, 2.5 British Empire Geography—India: (2) The Year's Work in Bengal: by A. Geddes. 2.45 Scenes from Uncle Tom's Cabin: by Ann Scott Moncrieff.

The Forgotten Bed

How forgetful some people are! The Newcastle police have been wondering who can have mislaid a brand-new and complete spinal bed, together with its inflated cushions, which was found in an alley not far from the police station. There was nothing to show who owned this costly piece of surgical equipment.

SURREY'S CATHEDRAL

The Passer-By Pillar

During this summer every town and village in the diocese of Guildford is holding a Cathedral Week to raise the £80,000 needed to complete the first part of Surrey's new cathedral.

A film entitled Your New Cathedral will be shown in every cinema, and on Saturdays the Provost will sit in some central place to receive offerings. One of the 18 major pillars in the cathedral is to be known as the Passer-By Pillar, because the £1500 needed for it will be subscribed by pilgrims to Stag Hill. Another pillar is to be provided by the motorists of Surrey.

Just as the pilgrims to Canterbury hundreds of years ago, as they passed along the Pilgrim's Way from Winchester, helped by their offerings to build and maintain the chapels of St Catherine and St Martha standing above Guildford, so today pilgrims on foot, on motor-cycles and bicycles, in cars and charabancs have their chance to build a glorious new cathedral.

It is hoped that by 1941 the choir, transepts, chapel of chivalry, and the children's chapel will be completed. Two stones of historic interest will be found in the chapel of chivalry. One comes from Bede's chapel in the monastery at Jarrow and was given by the people of Jarrow in gratitude to the people of Surrey for help in their days of unemployment. The other is believed to come from the Temple in Jerusalem.

Well-Laid Foundations

Seven hundred and seventy-eight piles of concrete, reinforced with steel bars, were used for the foundations. Each pile weighed five tons, and 1500 blows from a four-ton steam hammer were needed to drive each pile to the required depth.

Fittingly, the foundation-stone, laid nearly two years ago, rests on stones from Canterbury and Winchester Cathedrals. Now the outside walls, built with hand-made bricks from the clay on the cathedral site are rising.

It is noteworthy that many of our finest cathedrals were completed in times of national stress. In his appeal for money the Bishop of Guildford refers to an inscription in a country church in England, built nearly 300 years ago during the Civil War. It runs:

In the year 1643, when all things sacred were either demolished or profaned, this church was built by one whose singular praise it is to have done the best things in the worst times and to have helped them in the most calamitous.

May not the rising walls of this new cathedral give us courage because they are the expression of the faith by which we believe the world can be saved?

Tale of a Quaker

The task of raising funds for Guildford's new cathedral has been attended by a delightful incident.

Among the offerings received was a cheque for £302 from members of the Nonconformist churches in the diocese, a precious contribution by people to a church not their own.

The gift recalls a charming little story Mr Gladstone used to tell. The inhabitants of a certain village, having decided to pull down their parish church and build a new one, said among themselves, "What shall we do? Our biggest man here is a Quaker; if we ask him to contribute he must refuse; if we pass him over he will take offence."

So they went to him and explained the matter with great caution. "Friend," said he at length, "thou hast judged me rightly. I cannot in conscience contribute to the erection of an Episcopalian church; but didst thou not say something about pulling down the church? Put my name down for £100."

FORTUNE LANE

Short Serial by
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 7 Whatever For?

PETER QUENTIN was setting down his possessions on paper. Jimmy Cringan had said he ought to make out a balance sheet, showing how much he'd earned and how much it had cost him to earn it. But Peter declared that must wait till the year was more forward; in the meantime, now that he'd been in business three months, it would be rather a good idea to see how much he owned. Jimmy Cringan smiled and said "Go ahead!"

Peter did. And this is how it read:

Bucephalus	2	0	0
Bucket	1	4	
3 old wash-leathers	4	6	
2 best leathers	7	0	
Scrim, for drying windows	4	6	
Ladder	15	6	
Paint (to preserve ladder)	3	9	
New rig out	2	10	0
	6	5	10

Less 10 per cent for wear and tear

Stock-in-trade	5	13	3
Plus Cash (window fees and Corvus fees, £15), minus board and lodging, etc.	12	6	1½

Total for three months. £17 19 4½

He had counted his money in hand three times over, but he couldn't make it more. Still, of course, he reminded himself, he had paid Cringan bang up to date, every penny for his bed and board for three months, and for Bucephalus too, and the ironmonger as well. Then gravely bestowing the halfpenny on Cringan Junior, who had toddled up to watch him doing his sums, he showed the result to Jimmy Cringan himself. "And at that rate," said he, "I am earning eighty pounds a year, Jimmy. Clear profit!"

Jimmy shook his long head.

"But what about Corvus?" he uttered. "You can't expect another windfall like Corvus! Cross him out and you stand with £3 in round figures in hand. Three pounds in three months. In other words, you've just kept yourself."

"Well, it proves I can do it!"

"Yes, maybe," Cringan said, smiling. Then he glanced round his shop. "I wish," he said, under his breath, "that Bicycles By All Makers were keeping themselves."

Peter caught the words. "I say!" he exclaimed. "What's the matter? I thought Cringan and Cringan were doing all right, Jimmy?"

"There's nothing like a stiff upper lip," was the answer.

"But you're always taking money!"

"And paying it out," murmured Cringan. And then he changed the subject.

Next day Peter asked, "Will you help me to buy a horse, Jimmy?"

"A horse! What sort of a horse? A clothes-horse or towel-horse?"

"A four-legged horse. A live horse," laughed Peter.

"What on earth do you want it for?"

"You must wait and see, Jimmy."

"If you want a horse you'll want a stable."

"I've found one, dirt cheap. Do you think I can get a horse and a cart for £13?"

"You might, if you're not too particular."

Both horse and cart were found. Both had known brighter days. The horse's knees had been sound once, its neck had arched once. But not for a long time had it had such fine fodder nor such a lot of currying and grooming as it had when it was promoted to its new quarters. So that presently it began to remember its youth, and to put on airs, and to whinny when Peter arrived, and to prance when it was taken out in the cart (for exercise, it supposed; for the cart remained empty).

CHAPTER 8

The Contractor

THE District Council was holding its monthly meeting. The seats in the gallery reserved for the public were occupied by a boy and two elderly ladies. Presently the ladies yawned and went out. The boy remained, leaning forward with his arms crossed on the balustrade.

"Next item on the Agenda. Flowers and Plants." The Chairman paused to secure attention. "Well, gentlemen, we are all agreed, I believe, to spend money on beautifying this new garden-city of ours."

One of the councillors coughed, then uttered derisively, "Mr Chairman, did you call it a new garden-city?"

"I did," frowned the Chairman. "We call it that in our literature, don't we? So what, Mr Haggett?"

"Mr Chairman, I am not quarrelling with the new. It's the garden that I'm quarrelling with," smiled Mr Haggett.

The boy in the gallery added a smile on his own account.

The Chairman nodded. "That's our difficulty," he said. "Mr Haggett has hit the nail on the head. We're too new. You can't expect things to grow in hard, clayey soil like ours. We've got the money, we can buy the flowers and shrubs, gentlemen; we can sow the seeds. But we can't persuade 'em to flourish. And that's our trouble—"

"Then cure it!" a voice interjected.

"Eh? What's that you say?" The Chairman glanced down the table. The councillors glanced at each other. But none had opened his lips. "I didn't catch the gentleman's observation," the Chairman uttered invitingly. "Was it you, Mr Haggett?"

"No," replied Mr Haggett.

"It was I who spoke. I said, cure it!" repeated the voice.

It came from the gallery. All cast their eyes up.

"By Jingo! The Sungloss Boy!" the Chairman exclaimed. "Hi! What are you doing there, Sungloss Boy? Come out of that!"

"The Sungloss Boy!" they echoed, and burst into laughter. "He wants us to try Sungloss to make our things grow!"

"No, sir," said Peter, very firmly, "I don't."

"Well, young man," the Chairman reproved him, "you've no right to talk here. You can sit and listen, but you mustn't open your mouth."

"Yes, I'm sorry, sir," answered Peter.

"Why don't you use leaf-mould?"

"Leaf-mould! What's that?"

"It's a fertiliser," smiled Peter.

"Oh, a patent preparation like your Sungloss!"

"Ha, ha!" the councillors guffawed.

Mr Haggett said, "Give the lad a chance. Of course we know leaf-mould. It's soil on which leaves have fallen and fallen, and

worked in; but we've no soil of this kind hereabouts."

"No," said Peter loudly, "you haven't. I'm here to supply you."

This brought Mr Haggett to his feet. "Mr Chairman," he urged, "I propose that we hear what this lad has to say."

"Agreed!" said the others.

So down from the gallery marched Peter and took his stand among them. "I have learned a good deal about gardening from my father," he began. "And I've been all round this new building estate with my eyes open. It wants no end of saplings and shrubs and plenty of flowers to turn it into a garden-city."

"Yes, yes," cried the Chairman impatiently, "that's what we all feel."

"And you are ready to spend money on it, sir?"

"There'll be no stint for a good result."

"Very well, then," begged Peter, "please let me try."

Mr Haggett nodded encouragingly. "Let's have your plan, lad."

"Here it is," said Peter. "Turn up your earth and dress it with leaf-mould and top-spit loam, as it's called. Top-spit loam," he continued, consulting a note-book, "will cost you 16s a cubic yard. I'll supply that. And the leaf-mould I can supply at 4s a sack." His face kindled. "You've an ugly bare plot round the Library. Let me make a start by showing what I can do there?"

"H'm!" observed the Chairman. "And how will you reckon?"

"Oh, I've thought it all out," declared Peter. "I should measure up the cubic yards to be treated, and charge you accordingly for the loam and the leaf-mould, plus a charge, of course, for the cartage and for my time. All the work will be done by myself. Oh, do let me try, sir!"

He was speaking earnestly, and his manner impressed them.

"So you know where to find your leaf-mould and loam?" said the Chairman.

"Yes," said Peter.

The councillors whispered together. Then one of them suggested that they employed market-gardeners.

At once Mr Haggett was up again, bristling indignantly. "Oh, no! It's the lad's idea," he protested. "Let's try him."

"Do you formally move that?" the Chairman asked.

"With pleasure. I move that we instruct him to treat the waste land round the Library. Then to send us in his account. And we'll judge what he's made of it."

JACKO GETS UP EARLY

It was one of those Spring mornings when the sun wakes you up bright and early and drags you out of bed.

Jacko was out of bed as soon as he opened his eyes. He jumped into his clothes and went off to find Chimp.

"Come on!" he cried. "Let's go down to the river."

The river was looking grand. If only they had a boat!

cooker. They know how to make themselves comfortable."

It was a brazier, as a matter of fact, but it looked very workmanlike.

The sight of it put an idea into Jacko's mind. "What a lark it would be," he said, "to get some food and cook our breakfast on it!"

Chimp agreed with him, and off they scampered.



"I call this simply topping," said Chimp

But Jacko wasn't worrying. Something on the edge of the river had caught his eye. It was a brand-new sunnimerhouse; and drawn up in front of it was a brand-new punt.

"I wonder who it belongs to," he said.

Chimp knew. "The people who have taken the bungalow," he told him, nodding over his shoulder. "They only come down week-ends."

"What a waste," said Jacko, going over to the little house and staring in. "Look!" he cried. "They've got a

They were back in no time. And, then, while Chimp fried the sausages, Jacko did a bit of fishing—a stray terrier, who had followed the smell of the sausages, looking on hopefully.

Chimp was saying, "I call this simply topping..." when there was a shout, and up came someone they had never seen before—the owner of the bungalow, without a doubt. He was flourishing a stick.

"Scoot!" cried Jacko.

And the two young scamps took to their heels.

"Any seconder?"

"I second that," cried another.

So after discussion it was put to the vote and agreed; which sent Peter pelting back to Cringan and Cringan.

"Jimmy," cried he, "shake hands with the Council's contractor! Cringan Junior, come and shake hands, you young Turk!"

Cringan and Cringan both obliged, looking thunderstruck. Then, swelling importantly, Contractor Quentin explained.

"You remember," he went on to add, "that I walked here from London. Well, on the way, not more than two miles off, I reckon, I spotted some common-land simply teeming with leaf-mould. And there's loam there as well for the taking."

"And you're going to take it?"

"It's all going begging," said Peter. "Rufus and I will cart it, and I'll dig it in. Yes, that's why I bought Rufus."

"So you've had the idea in your mind for some little time, eh?"

"It was Bucephalus who suggested it," Peter said, grinning. "Jolting around over such a lot of half-finished roads and spotting so many little gardens that wouldn't grow anything, and never would grow anything, by the look of them, we couldn't help thinking all that this new estate wanted was just to be able to grow things like real garden-cities."

So Bucephalus he said to me, 'You make them grow, Peter.' And I remembered how my father enjoyed himself once by laying out our jolly garden at home, on rotten, hard ground, just as bad as it is here when he started. So I promised old Bucephalus to have a shot."

"And who'll clean your windows meanwhile?"

"I've thought of that," replied Peter. "I'll work to a time-table. Up at five. Cart and dump mould till eight. Have a rest then. Windows ten to four. Tea. Dig and dress earth till it's jolly well too dark to see, Jimmy!"

"You'll have your hands full!"

"I hope so," Peter said, quietly.

And now he had his terms to make with the villagers to whom, as he found, all the rights of the common belonged. When they heard there was money for themselves in the scheme, a price for every cartload removed was soon fixed, and several offers of help were thrown into the bargain. So the work forged ahead, and just before the moon waned that ugly plot of land behind the Library was transformed.

It stood ready for planting.

Next the flowering shrubs were in place, with a herbaceous border.

Then the councillors arrived to inspect and approve. From the new little houses the residents poured forth and marvelled. They were filled with fresh hope for the future of their own gardens. A plump little gentleman kept passing to and fro in his car and stopping to admire at the top of his voice. "Wait a moment, Bateman! Draw up. Do you see that grand work?"

"Yes, Mr Corvus. It's first-class," his chauffeur would answer.

"A marvellous improvement! Marvelously done, Bateman!"

So the passers-by hadn't much chance of overlooking it.

And when Peter Quentin, Contractor, squared his account it showed that after paying for Rufus's stable and keep, and his tools, and after deducting the share which belonged to the village, he had made a clear profit of £4 9s 2d.

"At that rate," announced Jimmy Cringan, who audited the account, "you'll be making your fortune long before Cringan and Cringan." And he took his long chin in his hand and fingered it pensively.

"How are bikes by all makers?"

"They couldn't be worse," remarked Cringan.

"I've been thinking—" Peter stopped there, looking confused. "I mean, between you and me," he went on, with awkwardness, "Mr Haggett says that the Council intend to give me the whole place to do."

"That's fine!" uttered Jimmy. "That's fine, old man!" They were talking in the shop. He glanced round at its bareness of stock. "Rummy, isn't it," he muttered, "how push-bikes hang fire!"

"Yes, I've been thinking—" said Peter. He stammered a little. "What I mean is—my leaf-mould business does—look healthy—doesn't it? I was wondering whether—it would help me—to go into partnership?"

Jimmy Cringan jumped to his feet. "No, you don't!" he cried huskily. "You're on a jolly good business. I'm on a dud one. Oh, no, you don't, Peter, old fellow. You'll keep what you've got."

"Yes, but I do want a partner."

"Not yet. When you do you can find one who'll put in some money. I've none to put in. Not a bean."

TO BE CONTINUED

One of the Loveliest Things God and Man Ever Made

Duke of Gloucester on our Countryside

Arthur Mee's wonderful picture of our glorious countryside (the Domesday Book of 10,000 towns and villages and everything to see in them) is now more than halfway through. Here are the volumes—

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ENCHANTED LAND—A Survey of England	213 pictures	7s 6d
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KENT—The Gateway of England	400 places 226 pictures	10s 6d
LAKE COUNTIES—Cumberland and Westmorland	217 places	7s 6d
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There is a sort of light shining all through usefulness. Romance is the only word to it. *Mrs J. A. Spender* apply to Mr Mee's eager narrative of the building up and marching on of a nation; here is the romance of England.

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PLEASE SEND A GIFT NOW to The Secretary, THE LITTLE FOLKS HOME FUND, The Queen's Hospital for Children, Hackney Road, E.2.

The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

May 27, 1939

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mees's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

CHILD'S TELL-TALE TONGUE

Your child's tongue will tell you plainly when the tiny bowels need the help of a laxative. A coated tongue means a sour stomach and constipation. But you have to be most careful what medicine you give. Strong purgatives weaken and leave the bowels more bound than ever, and nothing stops a child's growth like constipation.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise 'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a pure fruit laxative, therefore safe, and being a liquid you can measure the dose to a nicety to suit your child's system. Kiddies love its pleasant taste and thrive all the better for it.

Get a bottle today. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

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FREE PATTERNS for this simple frock and bolero for school or holiday wear and pretty frock for "best" are given in this BESTWAY book. All the other designs, too, are easy to make, many being simple enough for the girl who is learning to make her own clothes.

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SUMMER FASHIONS FOR GIRLS IN THEIR 'TEENS

6d at all Newsagents and Bookstalls or 7d post free (Home or Abroad) from BESTWAY, Bear Alley, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

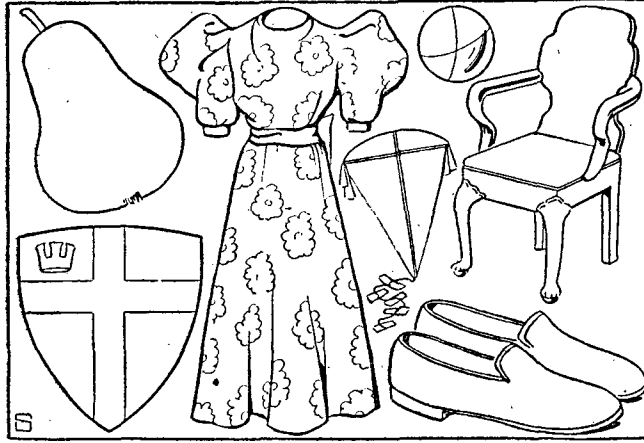
PAINTING COMPETITION WITH NUMEROUS MONEY PRIZES

THIS week the C.N. announces a Painting Competition that is a little different.

In the picture are shown seven objects, and you are asked to paint only those whose names can be made up with letters appearing in the words CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER.

Paste the complete picture on a postcard, and when the paste is dry colour with paints or crayons the objects concerned, leaving the others.

For the two best correct entries prizes of ten shillings will be offered, and there are 25 half-crowns for senders of the next best.



Write your name, address, and age on the card and post it to C.N. Competition No 80, 44 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp), to arrive not later than first post on Thursday, June 1.

This competition is for girls and boys of 15 or under, and age will be taken into account when judging. There is no entry fee, and the Editor's decision is final.

If you are a prizewinner and your entry bears the name and address of a friend who is not already a reader and who promises to take the C.N. for a month, 2s 6d will be added to the prize.

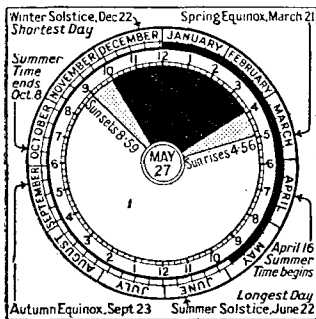
THE BRAN TUB

Full Measure

THERE once was a silly young man Who wrote verse that never would scan. When they said, "But 'the thing Doesn't go with a swing,'" He replied, "Yes; but, you see, I always like to get as many words into the last line as I possibly can."

The C.N. Calendar

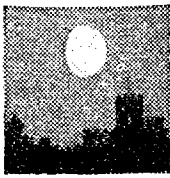
THIS calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on May 27. The black section of the



circle under the months shows how much of the year has gone. The days are getting longer.

Other Worlds Next Week

IN the evening Neptune is in the south-west. In the morning Venus, Jupiter, and Saturn are in the east, and Mars is in the south. The picture shows the Moon at 9 p.m. on Sunday, May 28.



Jack and Jill

THIS is how the old nursery rhyme would be written as a cross word puzzle:

Boy's name and girl's name went up the natural elevation of earth or rock.

To fetch a conical or cylindrical vessel of hydrogen and oxygen. Boy's name descended suddenly by the force of gravity and fractured his skull, And girl's name came falling violently and suddenly subsequently.

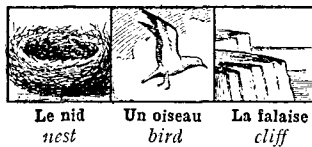
A Daisy Barometer

WITH a round sponge and some daisies quite an interesting little weather teller can be made. Tie a string to the sponge so that it can be suspended and then soak the sponge in water.

Shorten the daisy stalks and push these into the holes all over the sponge. A fine day will be indicated if the flowers are wide open, if conditions are uncertain the blooms will be half open, and they will be closed if rain is coming.

Dandelions and yellow hawkweeds will be just as effective if daisies are not available.

Ici on Parle Français



Le nid

Un oiseau

La falaise

Il y a quatre petits dans ce nid. L'oiseau-mère vole à la falaise leur chercher à manger.

There are four babies in this nest. The mother bird is flying to the cliff to find food for them.

What Happened on Your Birthday

May 28. William Pitt born . 1759
29. Sir Humphry Davy died 1829
30. Alexander Pope died . 1744
31. Joseph Haydn died . 1809
June 1. Marshal Berthier died 1815
2. Garibaldi died . 1882
3. John Aylmer died . 1594

A Funny Game

GOLF's a very funny game;

I never got it right.

You buy a quite expensive ball, Then knock it out of sight.

You hunt around in weeds and thorns, And find it in its den,

And take a club and try to knock It out of sight again.

This Week in Nature

THE elder, one of our commonest of trees, is now bearing its sickly-scented, creamy-white blossoms, fore-runner of the purplish-black berries. All parts of the elder are used for medicinal purposes.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

The Two Brothers. A pair of stirrups Shakespearean Characters Hamlet, Macbeth, Shylock, Falstaff Beheading. Flash, lash, ash Is This Your County? Essex The C.N. Cross Word Puzzle

F	L	O	R	I	N	A	P	I	A	R	Y
O	O	Z	E	I	L	L	B	L	U	E	
G	O	E	C	L	I	P	S	E	L	S	
S	A	F	E	F	A	X	L	E			
P	E	T	D	A	T	U	M	I	R	E	
A	O	M	E	N	L	E	A	F	I		
D	O	M	E	O	W	N	P	E	A	R	
S	A	A	N	N	E	A	L	S	R	E	
T	A	L	E	B	S	E	A	T			

FIVE-MINUTE STORY

THE young Cobbs, who had recently gone to live in the country and found it rather quiet after busy London, planned a new game for Saturday afternoons.

"Hunting in the jungle!" cried Billy, when his turn came to make a suggestion. "Boys to be elephant and riders; girls, the tigers lurking and springing out; score to them every time they bowl an elephant and rider over. There's our jungle!"—and he pointed to a big stretch of tall rushes that fringed a pond.

It sounded a jolly sort of hide-and-seek game, so off

ran the three girls to hide and try to surprise the hunters, while Paul, the biggest boy, crawled on all fours, carrying the two younger ones round on his back.

The snarls, roars, and shouts that presently went on among the rushes would have sounded truly terrifying to anyone who hadn't known what was afoot; but the Cobbs were enjoying their game immensely till suddenly there came a frightful hissing noise and a scream of fright.

"Quick! It's one of the girls! What's wrong?" cried Paul; and up he sprang.

In the excitement of the game none of the children had noticed that it was leading them rather nearer the pond side of the rushes than they had intended. When the boys burst through they found themselves almost on top of a swans' nest.

One of the birds was sitting on it; the other was attacking their sister Lily, driving her backwards with menacing beak and wings.

"Look out!" Paul shouted to her, taking in the scene at a glance. "Mind the—"

But the warning came too late. Poor Lily, too frightened

THE JUNGLE GAME

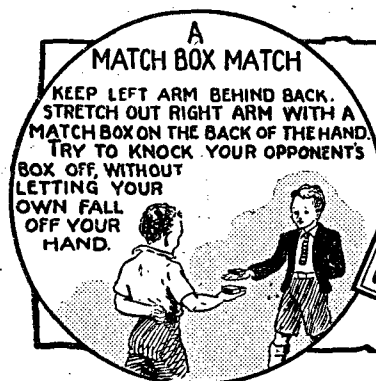
by the great hissing swan to take her eyes off it, fell back into the pond.

Paul darted past the swan and plunged in after her, and a minute or so afterwards was calling to his brothers:

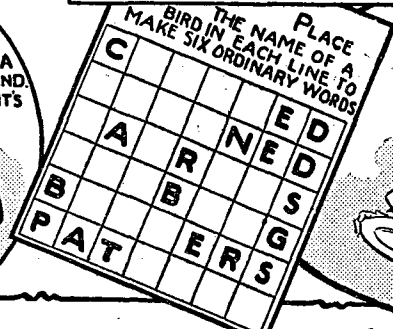
"We're all right. It isn't deep. We'll land lower down."

There was plenty of laughter presently, when they had changed into dry clothes, over the fright they had had.

"I don't think we ought to blame the swans for not liking our game," said Paul. "After all, we were all rather like wild animals with the row we were making."



PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR



MOISTEN THE EDGE OF A PLATE AND PLACE HALF AN EGG SHELL ON IT BY



SLOPING THE PLATE YOU CAN MAKE THE SHELL GO ROUND IT, SPINNING RAPIDLY AT THE SAME TIME

CAN YOU FIND YOUR WAY FROM THE ISLAND TO THE BOATHOUSE BY PASSING THROUGH LETTERS WHICH, WHEN REARRANGED, WILL SPELL THE NAME OF AN ENGLISH TOWN?

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK